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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844.

REVIEWS

Texturum Antiquorum: an Account of the Art of Weaving among the Ancients. Part I. On the Raw Materials used for Weaving. By J. Yates, M.A. Taylor & Walton.

A history of the art of weaving and of the manufacture of cloth in modern times, might be easily brought within the compass of a single volume. It would enumerate, in a brief chapter, the raw materials made use of; it would then proceed to explain numerous inventions and processes so ingenious and refined that, even to the most knowing of the ancients, the majority of them would appear miraculous. Such a work, having to deal only with substantive facts and absolute knowledge, would lie, as we have already observed, within a narrow compass: but the history of the same useful art among the ancients, though, in itself, an incomparably poorer theme, must extend to several volumes, because, forsooth, it rests on the lumber of erudition. The volume of the 'Texturum Antiquorum,' with which Mr. Yates has now favoured us, treats only of the raw materials; his accounts of the ancient processes of dyeing, spinning, and weaving, which may be reasonably expected to be much more copious, are still to come. On reading this elaborate volume—the most learned treatise extant, we opine, on wool-gathering—we were forcibly struck with the extraordinary bias and false taste derived from what is called classical education, and with the difficulty which even able men often experience in looking on antiquity with any other than schoolboys' eyes.

A young savage, on arriving at the age when he must be fitted for society, loses one or two of his finger joints; some of his front teeth are knocked out by the wiseman of his tribe, and he is tattooed with the strictest attention to the customs of his forefathers. In some parts of the world, the provident parent compresses and flattens his child's head betimes, lest, left to nature, it might grow to a dangerous size. It is said, that among the Hottentots, while that race were yet allowed to cling to the wisdom of their ancestors, boys were obliged to submit to a serious mutilation. Barbarous as these practices may appear, there is something strikingly analogous to them in the established course of classical education. This is directly opposed to the development of the reasoning faculty, or of an independent and penetrating spirit. It wholly disregards the scope and tendencies of youthful curiosity. It crams the head with words and synthetic rules of grammar, memory and implicit faith being the only faculties exercised, until at length the accomplished youngster, having spent the best of his early years in learning two dead languages, comes forth with a boyish knowledge of that literature, the brightest day of which had gone by before the commencement of the Christian era. Wonders have been since done in literature; still more in art and science; yet the hero of the Tripos prides himself only on his acquaintance with what was done two thousand years ago. As the savage thinks that tattooing hides his nakedness, so the scholar imagines that Greek and Latin may pass for sound knowledge. The one believes, that the human skin was designed by nature to be scarred and punctured; the other, that the mind requires to be loaded with verbal authorities, and to be broken down by early labour into a blind veneration for what is obscure, foreign, and antique. If practical education, like practical chemistry or mechanics, cheerfully accepted and promptly turned to account the continual progress of knowledge,—if its object

were to teach as much as possible of whatever is best worth knowing, and not to adhere slavishly to a routine derived from barbarous ages—then the nineteenth century might be as remarkable for its genius and civilization as for its mechanical inventions.

Such were the thoughts which involuntarily sprung up in our minds, on the perusal of the 'Texturum Antiquorum,' a work excellent of its kind, and we freely acknowledge also, of the best kind, according to the conventional scale of merit now in use for estimating such things. It is a work intended only for scholars, who will find in it ample proofs of extensive learning, great diligence, just discernment in general, and amiable feelings. But as even worthy Homer sometimes nods, so our author occasionally lapses into pedantry, and pours forth a flood of needless erudition "de lana caprina." Yet, being thoroughly acquainted with his subject, as well as much in earnest, he necessarily commands attention; we must, therefore, endeavour to rekindle our schoolboy admiration of learned texts, and proceed to analyze his volume.

Weaving is defined by our author to be, "an art by which threads, of any substance, are crossed and interlaced so as to be arranged into a permanently expanded form—and thus to be adapted for covering other bodies." It appears to us, that the following definition would be more clear and logical; "weaving is the art of interlacing two or more sets of parallel threads, so as to form cloth." There are other processes which serve to unite fibrous substances, so as to make either cloth, or an expanded fabric like it; these are, paper-making, felting, platting, netting, knitting, and sewing, each of which deserves, in a review of so important an invention as that of cloth, a moment's notice.

Paper differs from cloth, inasmuch as it is not made by the systematic interweaving of threads or fibres, but simply by adhesion. The papyrus (which has given its name to paper) is now a scarce plant in Egypt, whence it may be reasonably inferred, that some care was taken to propagate it in ancient times, when it seems to have been abundant. From the simplicity of the process of making it, paper may be naturally supposed to have preceded woven cloth, and in so dry a climate as Egypt it might well serve for clothing. The islanders of the Pacific Ocean clothe themselves in paper, for such is the correct denomination, as Mr. Yates justly remarks, of what is usually called Tahitian or Otaheitan cloth. In an appendix on the invention of linen-paper, our author points out the curious fact, that till the end of the eleventh century, when cotton-paper came into use, the Egyptian Arabs supplied Europe with linen-paper, made, in a great measure, from the inexhaustible stores of cloth found enwrapping the mummies in the catacombs. Before we leave the subject of paper, it may be worth while to remark, that however inventions multiply, language remains an almost ineffaceable monument of primitive simplicity. Paper was originally the name of the plant, the leaves of which were used for writing on; from *Byblus*, or *Biblus*, the early Greek form of the name Papyrus, we have the word Bible, the book. The Latin *Liber*, and German *Buch*, book, both signified the inner bark of a tree.

On the subject of Felting, our author observes—

"We find mention of felt in the Iliad, and it was abundantly used by the Greeks and Romans in all subsequent times. Plato speaks of the art of felting, and distinguishes it both from sewing and from weaving. According to Herodotus the Scythians had felted coverings for their tents, a custom still found among their successors, the Tartars. Felting appears to have preceded weaving. It is certainly a much ruder and

simpler process: and, when we consider both the long prevalence of the art among the pastoral inhabitants of the ancient Scythia, and the extensive use of its products among them so as to be employed even for their habitations, perhaps we shall be right in considering felting as the appropriate invention of this people."

He supposes the English word Felt to be a participle, the root or verb of which had a common origin with the Greek verb *πίλω*, to compress; and, in fact, Felt may be described as a paper made from animal substances, hair and fur, by agglutination and compression. But when we consider that the Greek and German names of Felt have not the form of participles, we feel compelled to reject this supposition, and rather to assume,—what appears to us more consonant with the philosophy of language,—that the original signification of the name Felt was factitious skin, and that the primitive sense of the verb *πίλω*, was to make a skin. This hypothesis explains at once the close relationship observable in every language, between the names for Felt and Skin, or, in vulgar parlance, Felt. Felt was not intended as an imitation of bare or naked skin, but rather of what is described in the Shakspearian expression "my fell of hair." Now it is worthy of remark, that Egyptian paper, made of vegetable tissues laid, for firmness sake, at right angles to each other, and pressed together, would suggest at once, from its visible texture, the art of weaving cloth: and also, that northern nations, conversant with furred skins and peltries, could hardly fail of attempting to imitate those natural commodities, by fixing hair with glue; and of thus arriving at the art of making felt. Our author's appendix on Felting contains a very curious and ample dissertation on the hats of the ancients, from which scholars will derive both amusement and instruction. Speaking of Mercury's Arcadian hat, he makes a remark which seems to reflect on the perverseness of fashion, or else of antiquarian taste; or, perhaps, we may consider it as indicating the classical origin of the "shocking bad hat." He says, "These hats, with a brim of but small dimensions, agree most exactly in appearance with the cheapest hats of undyed felt now made in England, and which are sold in the shops for sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling each. On the heads of the rustics and artificers in our streets and lanes, we often see forms the exact counterpart of those which we most admire in the works of ancient art."

The arts of Platting and Netting do not call for any remark. To the nets of the ancients, our author devotes an appended chapter, replete with curious learning. The ingenious process of Knitting (etymologically the same as knotting) was unknown to the ancients; it is supposed to have been invented in Scotland, towards the close of the fifteenth century. Of Sewing, there is but little to be said at present; our author promises to treat in detail, in a future volume, of the stitches of the ancients. We may, however, venture to observe, that the art, *on* to speak carefully on so grave a subject, the science of tailoring is the peculiar glory of modern civilization. In this path, wherein now lies the chief rivalry of European nations, the Greeks had advanced but little beyond the savage state. They had no idea of style or fashion; they knew not the worth of buttons, still less of padding; and of cutting out, they were absolutely ignorant. The citizens of Athens, assembled in their public square, would, if seen with modern eyes, be mistaken for a set of unhappy somnambulists, in slippers, here and there a night-cap, and with sheets fantastically wrapped round them. Plato, who speculated so much on things invisible, yet says nothing of invisible wigs; he does in-

form us, however, that sewing was a process used chiefly by the leather-cutter. Hence, the Latin word *Sutor* (the Scottish *Souter*) came to signify properly a shoemaker; and, indeed, the term shoe (the German *Schuh* includes gloves also) originally meant simply that (leather) which was sewed.

We have now arrived at the process of Weaving, or rather at the subject preliminary to it, namely, the weaver's Raw Materials. Abel, we all know, was a keeper of sheep. This particular of the antediluvian records, however, has unaccountably escaped the notice of our author, who elsewhere fearlessly pushes his inquiries up to the Creation. Thus he argues, that man and mutton were created together, as follows—

"As all the circumstances, which throw any light upon the question, conspire to render it probable, that the above mentioned (the Caucasian) variety of the human race first inhabited part of the high land of central Asia, so it is remarkable, that our domestic sheep and goats may with the greatest probability be referred to the same stock with certain wild animals, which now overspread those regions. The sheep is regarded as specifically the same with the Argali; and in the opinion of Pallas, which has been very generally adopted by zoologists, the goat is the same with the *Ægagrus*, a gregarious quadruped, which occupies the loftiest parts of the mountains extending from the Caucasus to the South of the Caspian Sea, and thence to the North of India. Indeed, it appears to me, that the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man, that those naturalists have not reasoned quite correctly, who have thought it necessary to refer the first origin of either of them to any wild stock at all. They assume, that these quadrupeds first existed in an undomesticated state, that is, entirely apart from man and independent of him; that, as he advanced in civilization, as his wants multiplied, and he became more ingenious and active in inventing methods of supplying them, the thought struck him, that he might obtain from these wild beasts the materials of his food and clothing; and that he therefore caught and confined some of them, and in the course of time rendered them by cultivation more and more suitable to his purposes. This opinion does not appear to me to rest upon any sufficient basis. We have no reason to assume, that man and the two lesser kinds of horned cattle were originally independent of one another. So far as geology supplies any evidence, it is in favour of the supposition, that these quadrupeds and man belong to the same epoch. No properly fossil bones either of the sheep or goat have yet been found, and we have no reason to believe, that these animals were produced until the creation of man. But, as we must suppose, that man was created perfect and full-grown and with those means of subsistence around him, which his nature and constitution require, I can see no reason why the sheep and the goat may not have been created in such a state as to be adapted to be immediately used by him both for clothing and for food, or why it should be considered more probable that they were at first entirely wild."

Now we confess that we can see no ground for supposing man to be more intimately connected with, or more closely allied to, "the two lesser kinds of horned cattle," than to the ass or ape; and as to his wants, we wonder how our author could have taken so narrow a view of the resources and capabilities of human nature. We cannot admit that mutton and woollen clothing are anywhere to be reckoned among the absolute necessities of life. As to our author's geological arguments, they are, at best, but negative. In fact, we can easily understand that the sheep, in its original wild state, may have been confined, for some thousands of years, to a very narrow locality, like the great jumping animal said to have been recently discovered near the Rocky Mountains by Mr. Audubon. Animals thus led forth from their retreats and diffused by man will appear geologically to be coeval with him. In short, we cannot admit the needless dogma propounded by our author: and we think it better not to

venture so near the source as to endanger reason on the confines of an adverse principle.

Our author having laid it down, that sheep and goats, tame and used to be butchered, were from the beginning, the humble companions of the Caucasian race of mankind (of the less favoured and sheepless races, he says nothing), goes on to show that these animals were reared, and that a pastoral mode of life prevailed, from a very early age, throughout Central and Western Asia, Southern Europe, and a great part of Africa. The extensive region here indicated, was the country of Wool. In Egypt, Colchis, and Belgium, flax was grown and linen manufactured. The north of Europe produced hemp. China was clad in silk: India in cotton. The host of authorities which our author brings forward to show, that sheep and goats were bred in the various countries, extending from Central Asia to Cape Finisterre, would be enough to establish the fact, even if any one were to think of disputing it. Indeed, it appears to us, that the prevalence of pastoral habits, under favourable circumstances of soil and climate, might have been, to a great extent, taken for granted. However, the erudition of the subject is our author's appropriate fleece, and he certainly applies the shears very closely and scrupulously. Occasionally, also, he exercises the right, long claimed by classic scholars, of interpreting the ancients, as if their language, necessarily free from misconception, vulgar error or rhetorical licence, were to be considered as purely oracular. Thus a couplet of Festus Avienus, which may be thus translated—

With herds and flocks around, the busy throng
Gather the fleecy do wn, the woods among—

appears to our author to be a distinct testimony, that "about A.D. 400, the Seres, the probable ancestors of the Chinese, employed themselves in the care of sheep at the same time that they were devoted to the production of silk"! Nothing certainly could be further from the Latin poet's or versifier's mind than to depose as to any such facts. We might as well cite Lalla Rookh to prove that the torch-race is a Persian custom; or maintain, on the authority of Wieland's Oberon, that Montmartre is on the south side of Paris; or appeal to a Dutch master's picture of Dives and Lazarus, to shew that harpsichords were invented before the Christian era. Here is another instance of passive submission to the best authorities:—

"It is impossible to conceive a more striking difference in manners and institutions than that which must have presented itself to the traveller in very ancient times, when on crossing the Isthmus of Suez he passed from the deserts of Arabia and Idumæa to the richly cultivated and populous plains of Egypt. According to the statement above quoted from an ancient historian, the wandering tribes of Nabaioth were forbidden by a positive law to till the ground or to construct settled habitations, and they lived on the produce of their flocks, which they continually led from place to place in pursuit of pasture adapted to the season of the year. The Egyptians, on the contrary, appear to have been originally under a prohibition of exactly the opposite kind, since they cultivated the ground with care, excelled most other nations in all the arts of life, and produced the most splendid proofs of their architectural skill, but were not allowed to keep flocks of sheep and goats. That this was the case at the time when Jacob took his family to sojourn in Egypt, is evident from their application to Pharaoh on arriving in the land of Goshen, which was on the eastern border of Egypt adjoining Palestine and Arabia, to be permitted to remain there on the ground, that from their youth they had been accustomed to tend flocks, whereas 'every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians.'"

The ancient historian here referred to, (Diodorus Siculus,) has related not a few fables, but not one more egregiously absurd or inadmissi-

ble, than that of the Nabatean law. We might as well talk of the Gipsies restraining themselves by law from building ships of war, or churches, or courts of justice. It was not in the deserts of Arabia, nor among a wild unparliamentary people, that the vice of superfluous legislation sprang up. Then as to the prohibition of an opposite kind, directed to the Egyptians, there is not the slightest ground for believing that it ever existed. We adverted to this more particularly because we have elsewhere seen the sentence, "Every shepherd was an abomination unto the Egyptians," similarly misunderstood and misapplied. It is not the occupation of the individual shepherd, which is here intended, but the national habit of a pastoral nomad life. The Egyptians, a nation of industrious cultivators, hated the Bedwin of the neighbouring deserts, as the farmer hates the Gipsies. They hated the pastoral tribes, in fact, as thieves and robbers. The same hatred of "the Shepherd," may be observed everywhere along the borders of the great African deserts; or, to illustrate the matter still more forcibly, witness the inextinguishable hatred borne by the people of La Plata to the Indians of the Pampas. It is no wonder then that our author is obliged to admit that "the Nabatean law was far more effectual towards the attainment of its object than the Egyptian." In fact, the Nabateans never thought of tilling the desert, while the Egyptians, on the other hand, did actually keep sheep; nay, more, the Egyptian term for shepherd, *Pi-men*, appears to us more likely to be the root of the Greek *ποιμήν* than any *quasi* derivation suggested by the lexicons. Startling as this may seem, we shall even acknowledge our suspicion that the name of the shepherd, was not the only term belonging to pastoral life which the Greeks derived from Egypt or the Libyan desert immediately adjoining.

In speaking of the pastoral state among the Greeks, our author again resigns himself wholly to authorities and to imagination. Thus he says:—

"Arcadia claims our especial consideration, because in it the shepherd life assumed that peculiar form, which has been the subject of so much admiration both in ancient and modern times. Here the lively genius and imaginative disposition common to the Greek nation were directed to the daily contemplation of the most beautiful and romantic varieties of mountain and woodland scenery, and hence their employments, their pleasures, and their religion, all acquired a rustic character, highly picturesque and tasteful, and, as it appears to me, generally favourable to the development of the domestic and social virtues. To attempt a full investigation of this subject, and to show in what degree the want of higher attainments in religious knowledge and moral cultivation was supplied by the peculiar rites, ideas, and customs of Arcadia, would lead me too far from my proper object."

It is not easy indeed to prove from the Greek writers, that the Arcadians were considered superior, or even equal to their neighbours, yet our author, fearless in his advocacy, assures us with the utmost gravity that "they make no figure in Grecian history, because they were too wise to take part in the irrational contests which continually embroiled the surrounding states." These sapient shepherds, devoted wholly to the calm, wool-gathering philosophy, had nevertheless a taint of ruggedness about them, to remove which they were obliged to exercise themselves in singing and dancing till they were thirty years of age. Their songs and dances doubtless resembled those of the Caffers and other savage nations, who laudably cultivate such means of arriving at "softness and refinement of manners." That the march of intellect or of morals can be accelerated by piping or whistling, is what we shall never believe, however eloquently

Greek writers, ever ready to confound figures of speech with facts, may have stated that crude opinion. In the busy or iron age of Greece, Arcadia, a mountainous tract of the interior, was supposed to remain still in the condition of the golden age; and its glens, undisturbed by the din of party-politics, were invested by imagination with a charm which did not really belong to them. Whatever our author may say in favour of Arcadian morality and refinement, we have against him the combined voices of Horace and Lord Byron,—

"Arcades ambo; id est, blackguards both."

In this volume of raw materials, there are some dozen pages devoted to the God Pan, the peculiar divinity of Arcadia. Perhaps by participating in the nature of the goat, he properly came within the limits of the subject-matter; yet we are not here informed whether Pan ever sheared or clipped himself; had he done so, and made himself nether garments of his own shaggy hair, we might then have justly styled him the first inventor of the principle of a sinking fund. He had a humorous style of dancing, and much agility, according to our author, who, speaking of a bas-relief, on which the Arcadian god and a goat are represented butting at one another, observes with much naïveté, "if the goat and he are fighting with their horns, it is certainly in sport."

The name for goats'-hair cloths in Hebrew and Syriac is *shac* or *sac*, whence the Greeks and Romans respectively got the words *σάκος* (*as-sac*) and *saccus*; this coarse cloth being chiefly used for making bags. Our words sack and shaggy, are obviously from the same source. Thus it appears that the sackcloth of which we read in Scripture, was properly cloth made of goats' hair. The fine goats' hair produced in cold climates, and which is now manufactured in Kashmir and Angora, seems to have been unknown to the ancients.

On the subject of silk our author's researches are able and satisfactory, but somewhat too learned for our pages. His dissertations are not all of silk but more like the "fustian heretofore on satin." From this branch of his inquiry the following paragraph is, however, worth extracting:—

"A diploma of Ethelbert, King of Kent, mentions 'Armiliausia holoserica,' proving that silk was known in England at the end of the sixth century. The usual dress of the earliest French kings seems to have been a linen shirt and linen drawers next to the skin; over these a tunic, probably of fine wool, which had a border of silk, ornamented sometimes with gold or precious stones; and over this a sagum, which was fastened with a fibula upon the right shoulder. Eginhart informs us, that Charlemagne wore a tunic, or vest, with a silken border (*limbo serico*)."

Our author strives hard, and successfully, to prove that the *spartum* of the ancients, employed in making cordage and coarse cloth, was the Spanish Broom. The name *Esparto* (whence *Espartero*) is now indeed applied in Spain, to a different plant; but confusion of name might easily take place between two plants of similar uses. The following account of what may be done in this way, with Spanish broom, will probably be new to most of our readers:—

"In order to establish this point I now proceed to mention the evidence respecting the application of it to such uses. It has been employed for making cloth in Turkey, in Italy, and in the South of France, but in circumstances, which were either especially favourable to the manufacture, or where flax could not be cultivated. It is manufactured into shirts in Albania, according to Dr. Sibthorp. Nearly a century ago Pope Benedict XIV. brought a colony of Albanians to inhabit a barren and desolate portion of his territory on the sea-coast. Here they obtained a very fine, strong, durable thread from the Broom and the Nettle, and used it, when woven, in place of linen. Trombelli, who relates this fact, also gives

an account of the manufacture of broom-bark in the vicinity of Lucca, where the hills, called Monte Cascia, are covered with this plant. 'Formerly,' he says, 'the people derived no other advantage from the shrub than to feed sheeps and goats with it, and to heat their stoves and furnaces. But their ingenuity and industry have now made it far more profitable. They steep the twigs for some days in the thermal waters of Bagno a Acqua near Lucca. After this process the bark is easily stripped off, and it is then combed and otherwise treated like flax. It becomes finer than hemp could be made; it is easily dyed of any colour, and may be used for garments of any kind.' In the vicinity of Pisa, we find that the twigs of the Spanish Broom were in like manner soaked in the thermal waters, and that a coarse cloth was manufactured from the bark. But the manufacture has been carried to a far greater extent in the South of France. In the *Journal de Physique*, a minute and highly curious account is here given of the mode of preparing the fibres, which is practised by the inhabitants of all the villages in the vicinity of Lodève in Bas Languedoc. The shrub abounds on the barren hills of that region, and all that the people do to favour its growth is to sow the seed in the driest places, where scarce any other plant can vegetate. After being cut, the twigs are dried in the sun, then beaten, macerated in water, and treated in the same way as flax or hemp. The coarser thread is used to make bags for holding the legumes, corn, &c.; the finer for making sheets, napkins, and shirts. The peasants in this district use no other kind of linen, not being acquainted with the culture either of flax or hemp. The ground is too dry and unproductive to suit these plants. The linen made of the Spanish Broom is as supple as that made from hemp; it might be even as beautiful as real linen, if more pains were taken with it. It becomes whiter, the oftener it is washed. It is rarely sold, each family making it for its own use. The stalks, after the rind has been separated from them, are tied in small bundles, and sold for lighting fires. They are also used as matches (*allumettes*), but are not so good for this purpose as hemp-stalks, although the latter do not make so good a fire."

We leave untouched the subjects of cotton, hemp, the mallow, asbestos and other fibrous substances, anciently used in weaving. Our author discusses them with a learning and conscientiousness, which leave little to be desired by those who feel a near interest in such inquiries; but these alone, we suspect, will relish his labours, or will venture to ascend to the mysteries of weaving, when even the raw materials cost so much study.

The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain Jesse. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

IF "manners make the man," as some "gentleman's gentleman" has said or sung, here we have the type of a curious species of the *genus homo*. The biography of Beau Brummell sheweth how indolence, impertinence, starch, perfume, and presumption, could place a low-born, vulgar man, on the throne of London fashionable society, and keep him there for almost twenty years. To this triumph, indeed, succeeded debt, expatriation, mendicancy, and, finally, idiocy, too pitiable for comment, or even contemplation. In these few lines, the life of Brummell has been told; and it is questionable whether it was worth the telling at greater length. Since, however, it has been laid before us, in two octavo volumes, we must do our best with it; whether for entertainment or instruction, let the reader decide for himself.

The grandfather of Beau Brummell was a shopkeeper of some sort, it is said a pastry-cook, in Bury Street, St. James's—his father, a man whom quickness and obliging manners advanced from the penman of a lodging-house, to a private secretaryship under Lord North. The "line" taken by the Beau, and his success in ruling the Worcesters, Alvanleys, Jerseys, of

the Regency—nay, the Heir Apparent himself, "the first gentleman in Europe"—would not shine out in all its glory, without this notice of the point whence he started. The first reminiscence of the Beau's life is possibly the purest manifestation of natural feeling registered in its annals. When on a visit to Aunt Brawn, "he was, one day, guilty of crying bitterly—because he could not eat any more of her ample damson tart"! We are told little else of his early days—save that his father, in process of time, became high sheriff of Berkshire, and dying, bequeathed, to the gourmet in embryo, a fortune of more than twenty thousand pounds. A brother and sister, endowed with like liberal portions, are mentioned as still surviving; but it may be gathered from Capt. Jesse's record, that during his butterfly career, the Beau "sunk the connexion," and that when that career ended in grub-hood, they returned the compliment. Otherwise the details of the wretchedness and destitution of his last days are inexplicable.

The Beau was sent to Eton in the year 1790, and there made himself notorious for "his quiet, gentlemanly manners and ready wit, as well as for the excessive neatness of his personal appearance." According to the scanty memoranda gathered from schoolfellows, he was never flogged, though eminent for idleness: he was renowned, too, for the exquisite manner in which he toasted bread and cheese. At Oriel College, to which he was transferred, the same agreeable and innocuous characteristics ripened into a nobler perfection. He had already, it seems, recommended himself to the Heir Apparent by his heartless wit: and when he left college, at the age of sixteen, it was to enter life, through the portals of Carlton House, as a cornet in the Prince's own regiment, the Tenth Hussars; and as an avowed favourite with its commander.

Preferment so sudden to a social position of such rare brilliancy, is a perilous blessing, enough to turn stronger heads than George Brummell's. His it turned to folly, epicureanism, selfishness, and insolence, played off beneath a mask of coolness so impenetrable as to make wise men laugh at him as "a humourist," while fools of quality accepted him as something so superfine, as to be admired and imitated. His *dicta* about coat collars, tooth-picks, cooks, and fashionable localities, were quoted as oracular; his notice was a favour in which the great ones of the earth rejoiced! It is a rare thing to read the history of an autocrat who never did one friendly action, indulged in one solitary kindly impulse, or said one courteous word, in the memory of which social outrages are sometimes forgiven. Unlike other arbiters of elegance, in whom a taste for trifles has been but one of the thousand expressions of genius; in whom whimsical extravagance has been accompanied by reckless generosity; and wit as often sparkled forth to defend as to attack; Brummell was but a consistent egotist—a personified Absurdity, who did ill-natured things for his own selfish benefit. Take him from his small routine of small fashion, his exclusive jargon, his "lavations," as Pelham called them, and his linen, and the utter poverty of the creature became evident. He hated the army because of its hair-powder; he black-balled country gentlemen at Watier's, "because their boots stunk of horse-dung and blacking." Blacking, by the way, was a "ruling passion strong in death!" and we find him, when, in his old age, he received pauper's alms meted out to him by a grocer, wrangling for his French polish, with an agony which only idiocy could calm into indifference. He collected snuff-boxes; also canes; danced neatly; wrote album verses—shot down two tame pigeons at Cheve-

ley—awed young girls at Almack's—avenged himself upon independent Mrs. Thompsons, by affecting to mistake them for Mrs. Johnsons—wondered at the assurance of people who asked him to dinner, and sat down at their own tables—played practical jokes upon foreigners (this pattern to the first gentleman in Europe!)—insulted people whose names were odd—*cut the Prince of Wales!* (this last was the great achievement of his life—his Waterloo)—gambled, and lost his thirty thousand—and, after eighteen years spent in these works of wisdom and benevolence, on the morning of May the 17th, 1816, in the thirty-eighth year of his age—the public, that had so long been watching, open-mouthed, the rocket, found only the stick; and learnt that the Beau was gone—whether to Calais, Constantinople, or Coventry, it mattered little.

Beau Brummell died in 1840: for four and twenty mortal years, then, was his decline and fall spun out. At first, during his residence at Calais, he displayed "some lively touches of his London favour;" fitted up his rooms with burl, and satin, and Sèvres, assisted by his English friends, who thought, as did Pepys about Lady Elizabeth's brocade gown, that "it was fit the poor wretch should have something to content him withal." He wore his rudeness, too, "with a difference" during the earlier period of his exile; and it soon indeed became politic in him to insult and ridicule merely the smaller birds of passage, since rich people, if too roughly handled, might withhold the "ponies," the wine, and the *petits plats* by which his ruin was retarded. Nor was he without grave occupations; the *opus* to which he devoted his retirement being a *screen* on which he pasted pretty pictures, and arranged portraits of his contemporaries, emblems, &c., so as to "mean mischief." But in despite of all these vigorous efforts to do battle with calamity, it would ooze out to acquaintances who fell upon him unawares, that the man who had owned to "once having eaten a pea," was driven to "goose at four," with an extremely vulgar-looking Englishman. Debts gathered round him with a greater certainty than alms, and when his old crony, The Prince, passed through Calais, on his way to Germany, fashionably audacity had declined to the point of nervously awaiting royal notice, and a royal *rouleau*! The end, however, was not yet.

Eventually it became agreed among a certain set, that "something must be done for Brummell," and after having lingered "fourteen years in a dirty fishing town," behold him once again in the King's service, Consul at Caen, on a salary of four hundred a year! Ere, however, he could leave Calais, there were a few trifles to be paid for—blackings, starch, perfumery, and the like; and on such a moderate scale had his expenditure been, while there, that after saddling the official income with the debt, there was just 80*l.* a-year remaining for Caen and the Consulate! The Beau, ere he entered upon his new sphere, was obliged to visit Paris, and was enabled to reach the French metropolis free of expense, under the conduct of a King's messenger; but he returned thence in a carriage, "with four horses, two postilions, and his *valet Sélégue in the rumble!* having ordered at Dabert's an enamelled gold snuff-box," which, when made, was to cost "two thousand five hundred francs—more than his year's income." If this trait of his magnificent spirit were to meet the eye of those disagreeable people "who call things by their right names," there is no saying what odd remarks might not be made upon it! Not that his biographer is either unwilling or unable to speak plainly.

Need we dwell upon the close of this "tragical-comical comical-tragical scene individ-

able?" or detail how the Beau became civiler and more civil, at Caen, since his appetite for dainties was not dulled by age; whereas his debts increased, and passers-by, "with ponies," were more rare than at Calais—how his Consulate was taken from him—and vulgar hands laid hold upon his cambrie, and thrust him into prison;—how there he humbly consorted with a provincial sub-editor and a broken-down valet; wrote to beg macaroons and jellies from sympathetic creatures who had "taken up the wondrous tale" of the Duchesses and Ladies he had patronized in his palmy days—how the Vice-consul, good Mr. Armstrong the grocer, became his Magnus Apollo, and carried round the begging box for him—how he was thereby released, and dwindled and drivelled into premature old age and imbecility, accepting champagne at the *table d'hôte*, at which he was set by way of decoy, from "breast-pins" which in former days would have made him expire, and waistcoats "that erst his gentle soul had loathed." The last flash of his old spirit was his throwing out of the window a flannel wrapper, which had been provided for him in place of the shawl dressing-gown his fancy had pictured:—unless we are to accept as such those ghastly evening parties which he subsequently gave; when, his reason gone, he would have a card-table dressed and lighted, and cause his nurse and attendant to announce his fashionable friends of former times! while he himself "sate by the hearth alone." The last stages were through even darker gloom and mire. Palsy had not only shattered the intellect, but destroyed his physical powers; and the man who had spent a fourth of his waking day at his silver toilette, and more than a fourth of his latter income on perfumes, died,—a loathsome object, whom even hospital nurses declined to approach!

There is no parting from this book with levity—even of manner; and not the least melancholy of the impressions with which we close it, is the belief that it will have been written in vain. Folly will have its victims to the end of time—though few will be so heartless, so mean, so guiltless of the qualities which fascinate, though but for a time, and excite some feeling of regret, however slight, as Beau Brummell!

*Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition.
Comprising a Description of a Tour through
Texas. By G. W. Kendall.*

(Second Notice.)

WHAT a moral this book reads on human life. How anxious were these Texans to surmount the delays and evils of their prairie-wanderings, little suspecting that at the end of them cruelty, treachery, and death awaited their arrival. How great, too, is the power of human patience. The victim of all these sufferings retains, after he has got through them, a merry heart, and indites their record with the charitable design of "amusing" others, and carries it so far out as to introduce, wherever he can, such instances of the ludicrous and such portraiture of eccentric character, as fell within the scope of his experience. This is a remarkable trait of the book, and we regret that our limits do not permit us to bring it out in the manner it deserves. But the main interest of the narrative is so grave as to absorb that of the accessories.

At the commencement of the second volume, we find our Texan captives at Fray Cristobal, with a journey of ninety miles before them, through which their brutal conductor, Salezar, said aloud they were to be driven without sleep or food, and as there was no water on the route, he advised such as had gourds or canteens to fill them before setting out. They journeyed till dark, and through a night so cold that the most violent exercise could not keep

them warm. A water-gourd, holding some two quarts, which Mr. Kendall had filled at starting, after taking a hearty draught at the river, slipped from his benumbed fingers, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground:—

"About nine o'clock at night (continues our author) we met a regiment of dragoons, under Col. Muñoz, on their way from Durango to Santa Fé: troops that had been despatched by the Central Government to take part in any hostilities that might occur with the Texans. Being from a more southern and temperate climate, they suffered excessively from the cold, so much so that many of them were leading their horses and setting fire to every little tuft of palm or dry grass on either side of the road. Around these blazing tufts, and scattered along the road for miles, were to be seen knots of half-frozen dragoons, mingled with a large number of women, who always follow the Mexican soldiery on a march. How the latter, who were but half clad even in the warmest climate, could withstand the bitter cold of that dreary night, is to me incomprehensible. Wild and picturesque was the scene presented by the train of roadside fires, each with a little bevy huddling and shivering around the red-glaring and fitful lights, the lengthened and flitting shadows coming and going, and losing themselves in the sombre obscurity of night. There would be seen the officer, cloaked and blanketed, standing side by side with one of his men; the head of the latter covered with a clumsy, bearskin dragoon cap, while he would share his sky-blue military cloak with some woman who had followed him, mayhap, from the *tierra caliente*, or sunny south, and was now, for the first time, visiting the region of snow. As fast after tuft would fall away at the touch of fire, the wild group would hurry on to others, soon kindle them, and as they in turn would suddenly flash up, blaze for a few moments, and then as suddenly expire, away they would hie to the next. Eldrich and spectre faces came and vanished on that barren moor, that did strongly remind me of the witch scenes in Macbeth. While standing around these fires some of the dragoons informed our men that they had met Col. Cooke's party near Chihuahua, and that they were well treated on the road. There was consolation in this, for we had heard many rumours of the bad treatment we might expect on the other side of the Paso del Norte. The sufferings, the horrors of that dreadful night upon the Dead Man's Journey cannot soon be effaced from the memory of those who endured them. Although my sore and blistered feet, and still lame ankle, pained me excessively, it was nothing to the biting cold and the helpless drowsiness which cold begets. No halt was called—had any of us fallen asleep by the roadside after midnight, it would have been the sleep of death. Towards daylight many of the prisoners were fairly walking in their sleep and staggering about, from one side of the road to the other, like so many drunken men. Completely chilled through, even their senses were benumbed, and they would sink by the roadside and beg to be left behind, to sleep and to perish. A stupor, a perfect indifference for life, came over many of us, and the stronger found employment in rousing and assisting the weaker. Anxiously did we wait the coming of the sun, for that would at least bring warmth and animation to our paralyzed limbs and faculties. Daylight came at last, and with it came a halt of an hour, to bring up the stragglers and count the prisoners. By the time the last of us were up the trumpet again sounded the advance, and once more we were upon the road. Towards noon, we passed the Dead Man's Lake, or Lake of Death, its bed perfectly dry. The coolness of the weather, however, and the fact that we had nothing to eat, prevented that thirst which in a warmer temperature would have caused sufferings of a nature that cannot be described. As the sun was about setting, those of us who were in front were startled by the report of two guns, following each other in quick succession. We turned to ascertain the cause, and soon found that a poor, unfortunate man, named Golpin, a merchant, who had joined the expedition with a small amount of goods, had been shot by the rear-guard for no other reason than that *he was too sick and weak to keep up!* He had made a bargain with one of the guard to ride his mule a short distance for

which he was to give him his only shirt! While in the act of taking it off, Salezar ordered a soldier to shoot him. The first ball only wounded the wretched man, but the second killed him instantly, and he fell, with his shirt still about his face. Golpin was a citizen of the United States, and reached Texas a short time before the departure of the expedition. He appeared to be a harmless, inoffensive man, of delicate constitution, and during a greater part of the time we were upon the road, before the capture of the expedition, was obliged to ride in one of the waggon. The brutal Salezar, rather than be troubled with him any longer, took this method of ridding himself of an encumbrance! It may be difficult, for many of my readers, to believe that such an act of wanton barbarity could be perpetrated by a people pretending to be civilized—to be Christians! I should certainly be loth to hazard my reputation by telling the story were there not nearly two hundred witnesses of the scene."

We have thought it fitting to continue this extract at greater length than we should otherwise have done, in order to show more fully the character of the sufferings endured in conjunction with that of the wretch by whom they were inflicted. So numerous are these horrid facts, that we cannot enter into minute details of circumstances, but must rest content with occasional specimens. After having to endure another cold-blooded murder or two, such as above related, the party arrived at "the beautiful and romantic town or city of El Paso." Here the authority of their tyrant ceased, and they met better treatment from the commandant of the military department, General Elias. The contrast was as striking as it was sudden; and to relieve the horrors of the narrative, we will give a description of the habits of a Mexican gentleman:—

"Here was another comfort which for months we had not enjoyed—had almost forgotten—and for a long time we could not close our eyes in sleep, so novel was the luxury. We were under a roof. Our beds were of the very best—sheets as white as the driven snow, and pillow-cases neatly fringed and of the finest linen. We kicked, tossed, and rolled about for hours; and our various antics, some of them ludicrous enough, might be likened to the feats of tumblers in a ring. Sleep finally overtook us, nor was it broken until a little before sunrise, when a neat and pretty girl brought us in cakes and chocolate. Without his chocolate in the morning, the Mexican gentleman would be miserable all day. After partaking of our chocolate, we arose refreshed and invigorated, and with feelings very different from those of the previous morning. At nine o'clock we had breakfast, consisting of some five or six courses, with wine, but no coffee. At two dinner was served, late in the afternoon we again had chocolate and cakes, and at eight o'clock supper. I have been thus particular in giving the number and order of our meals to show the difference between the customs there and in this country. Although meats may be seen in profusion, at both breakfast and supper, on the table of the Mexican gentleman in the northern and middle departments of the Republic, the principal and most substantial meal, as with us, is the dinner. The meal generally commences with mutton soup or broth—then comes a dish of boiled mutton, frequently followed by a stew of the same meat. A favourite dish with the Mexicans in the State of Chihuahua is made of the blood of sheep, fried and seasoned, which is very palatable. Chickens and eggs, cooked in different ways, but the former never roasted as with us, make their appearance during the meal. A standing article is the *chile guisado*, mention of which I have already made in a former chapter. *Frijoles*, a species of dark beans of large size, stewed or fried in mutton fat and not too highly seasoned, ~~and~~ ^{is} the substantial part of a dinner, breakfast, or supper, and seldom is this favourite and national dish omitted. In fact, *frijoles*, especially to the lower order of Mexicans, are what potatoes are to the Irish—they can live very well so long as they have them in abundance, and are lost without them. A failure of the bean crop in Mexico would be looked upon as a national calamity.

Among the higher order of Mexicans the dinner finishes with fruits, *dulces*, or sweetmeats, and the never-failing paper or shuck cigar. In the southern department these cigars are manufactured of tobacco, neatly rolled in paper, put up in bunches, and then sold at a low price; but in the states of Chihuahua, Sonora, and New Mexico, and more particularly the latter, every man is provided with a small pouch of *punche*, a species of plant somewhat resembling tobacco, for the cultivation of the latter is specially prohibited, except in some of the southern departments. In another pouch or case he carries a parcel of corn husks, and a flint and steel. With these materials he makes his *cigarrito*, strikes a fire, and smokes almost incessantly. Women and men are alike addicted to the practice, and the prettiest *señora* in the land can be seen at almost any time with a *cigarrito* in her mouth, the smoke puffing from her nose in two straight volumes, somewhat resembling the escape pipes of a double-engine steamer on a small scale. It may be thought singular, however, that the children of either sex are not addicted to smoking. It appears to be a habit taken up after the person has attained full growth, and when once contracted is never abandoned."

General Elias treated Salezar as a suspected murderer and robber, placing him in a position in which he was subject to all the indignities that his former victims could inflict upon his hardened sensibility. To the young and generous *cura* of El Paso, Ramon Octiz, our author was indebted for much kindness, and in particular for a complete view of the town:—

"The situation of El Paso is delightful. Seated in a beautiful and fertile valley, a circle of mountains on its northern and western sides break off and neutralize the cold winds which sweep from the snowy summits in the region of Santa Fé. The thoroughfares of the town are for the most part wide and airy, and on either side runs a cool and rippling stream of transparent water, brought from the Rio Grande by means of irrigating canals, so that it can at any time be turned upon the vineyards or grain-fields when the land requires it. These delicious streams are shaded by rows of large, overarching trees, planted with great regularity, while the plain but neat dwellings of the inhabitants are, many of them, built among clusters of apple and other fruit-trees. The cultivation of the vine, with the manufacture of wine and raisins, appears to be a source of no inconsiderable profit to the inhabitants, who, take them as a body, are more honest, industrious, cleanly, and better disposed towards foreigners than those of any town of equal size I passed through in my long journey."

Mr. Kendall left El Paso with regret:—
"Its delightful situation in a quiet and secluded valley, its rippling artificial brooks, its shady streets, its teeming and luxurious vineyards, its dry, pure air and mild climate, and, above all, its kind and hospitable inhabitants, all held me to the spot by their endearing ties. What its population may be I have not the means of ascertaining, neither can I give the extent of the fertile valley in which it is situated; but if I may be allowed to make a rough estimate, I should put down the number of inhabitants at from five to seven thousand, and the settled portions of the valley at some eight or ten miles in length by from one to three in width. With the single exception of the little walled town of Carazal, which is rapidly depopulating, there is scarcely even a rancho, or small farm, within hundreds of miles of El Paso. Socorro being the nearest town north, while the city of Chihuahua is the first settlement as the traveller journeys southward. Far removed from neighbours, the rural inhabitants of Paso have made a garden, an oasis, as it were, in the midst of a desert, and appear to have been in a great measure uncontaminated by association with the world beyond. We here found several families of Castilian blood, unmixed with even a shade of the Indian—and we found them liberal, gentlemanly, and of most courteous address, although born on the spot, and having had the advantages neither of travel nor association. Even the very lowest of the population—and here we saw little of that squalid poverty which characterizes almost every town in Mexico—even the poorest of the inhabitants treated us with respect and kindness, insulting neither our religion, our country, nor our

unfortunate position. Surely, not one of the Texan prisoners can ever think of El Paso, or the dwellers therein, without lively gratitude."

The condition of New Mexico (*ex pede*) may be judged of from that of its carts:—

"I have several times spoken of Mexican carts—a more rude contrivance, take it all in all, can scarcely be conceived. If in this country of locomotives, railroad cars, and well-built stage-coaches, the searcher after antiquarian relics and curiosities should, by any chance, meet with a Mexican cart, he would look upon it as the first, the original attempt of man to construct a kind of wheel-carriage. Neither iron nor steel, paint nor polish, spoke-shave nor plane, is used in its fabrication—but give a Mexican a sufficiency of brittle cotton-wood and raw hide, and he has the materials; give him but one of his own clumsy and ill-contrived axes and an auger, and he has all the tools he wants wherewith to furnish a cart. Out of the first cutting of a cotton-wood he hews an oblong block, through the centre of which he bores and burns a hole for the axletree; he next digs, you cannot say cuts, two pieces from the same tree, forming them into segments of a circle, which he pins to the sides of the aforesaid oblong mass by means of long wooden pegs. The wheel is now finished. Should it not happen to be round, it is of little consequence—it is near enough that shape for all Mexican purposes. From the same wood he next cuts his axletree and the body of his cart, the latter fastened together by raw hide. Then comes the tongue, also dug from the same source whence came the wheels, and the vehicle is finished. When in motion, the wheels stagger, wobble, and wander about, apparently in every direction but the right one, and as they slowly revolve upon their axletrees, the want of friendly grease is made painfully manifest by the most distressing groans and screeches—excruciating noises which can be heard for miles. Should his journey be of but one or two days' duration, the driver only carries one or two extra axletrees to guard against breakages; if he is to be absent a week, one-half of his load consists of those indispensable, else he never gets to his journey's end. With all his precautions, however, he frequently meets with break-downs for which there is no remedy; and were not the wrecks instantly seized by the next passer for firewood, the principal roads in the northern departments of Mexico, on either side, would long since have been fenced with broken-down carts. And then it would fairly drive the substantial American farmer distracted, to see the manner in which the Mexican oxen are compelled to draw these carts. They are not yoked and allowed the full use and strength of their shoulders and chests, but a straight piece of timber is placed directly on their heads behind the horns, and this is tied to the latter with raw hide. Another piece of raw hide is next made fast around the centre of the stick, and this, in turn, is tied to the tongue of the cart or to the next pair of unfortunate oxen. In this way, four, five, and even six pairs of cattle are frequently seen pushing, as it were, not drawing, a cart along, while a single yoke of oxen in the United States could do the same work with all ease. Yet nothing could convince the Mexicans that their mode is not the best. Their forefathers, five generations back, adopted this system, and their rule is never to alter. So with their long, heavy, clumsy ploughs; three times the space of ground might be ploughed with one of the modern improvement, yet they will suffer no innovation. Their axes, with long, straight handles, would be small hoes were the blades turned round after the manner of those implements: while the Mexican is pecking away at a tree, in process of felling it, the American would cut down, chop, and split one of the same size into cord-wood, and very likely have time to pile it—yet the patient Mexican pecks away, regardless of labour and time so that his object is eventually attained. Strange, that with a country as fair as any upon the face of the earth, abounding in every species of soil, climate, fruit, and mineral, the Mexicans will not profit by the lessons, and adopt the systems of their Saxon neighbours. They pertinaciously cling to the customs of their forefathers, and are becoming every year more and more impoverished—in short, they are morally, physically, and intellectually distanced in the great race of improvement which is run in almost every other quarter of the earth. Give them but tortillas, frijoles, and

chile colorado to supply their animal wants for the day, and seven-tenths of the Mexicans are satisfied; and so they will continue to be until the race becomes extinct or amalgamated with Anglo-Saxon stock; for no political change, no revolution, can uproot that inherent indolence and antipathy to change which, in this age of improvement and advancement, must sooner or later work their ruin and downfall. In these wonder-working days of steam, to stand still is to retrograde."

Having crossed the dreary, arid, and sandy Saharra, they met with an instance of singular superstition:—

"Near our encampment was a celebrated stone, weighing some two hundred pounds, the history of which is singular enough. Many years ago this stone was found near the Diamond of the Desert, and was the only one within miles of the pool. A band of muleteers commenced lifting it, and finally one or two of them were found strong enough to raise it to a level with, and then throw it over their heads. By accident the stone first fell towards the city of Mexico; and singularly enough, in the course of time it has come to be superstitiously regarded as a duty among the muleteers who travel this road to facilitate the progress of the stone towards the capital, a distance of some fourteen or fifteen hundred miles! Every muleteer who passes along gives the stone a trial, although scarcely one in fifty is able to throw it over his head, and in no other way is it allowed to be moved. By this strange system of journeying the stone has advanced some twelve or fourteen miles on its travel, and this within the last century and a half. The number of travellers upon this road is very great, all the trade between New Mexico and the States of Chihuahua and Sonora being forced to take this route; yet the stone makes remarkably slow progress, the same person not being allowed to throw it over his head more than once. After it gets farther down the country, some ages hence, its transit may be more rapid; but centuries upon centuries will pass away before the wayfarer arrives at its journey's end. Such was the history of this singular stone as we learned it from Captain Ochoa. It is called *la puerta de piedra*, but why it has received this name I know not. Throughout the country, the inhabitants have many strange customs, superstitions, and observances, borrowed from the Indians, and all taking their rise from some circumstance of trifling import; but this idea of starting a stone which few can lift, upon so long a journey and by such ludicrous, not to say preposterous means, is the most singular of all."

The accidental and grotesque variety of costume in which their party were dressed, afforded much amusement to our travellers. As they approached Mexico, they met with sympathy from Americans. At the miserable town of Cerro Gordo the Texan prisoners were consigned to a new guard, under the command of Col. Velasco, by whom they were well treated; and on their arrival at the small village of El Gallo, they were invited to a fandango which was given at the house of the Alcalde, and attended by the élite of the place:—

"One of the girls was dressed in a yellow-white tunic, or modern gown, of French cut, and brought probably from the city of Durango. She undoubtedly wore it in honour of *los Señores Tejanos* and their customs; but there was no necessity of her punishing herself thus severely on our account. That she felt stiff, awkward, and ill at ease under the infliction of the frock was evident, and it would have been all the same to us had she appeared in the common loose dress of her countrywomen. There were others in the room arrayed with the usual Mexican regard to physical liberty and comfort, their easy and graceful movements forming a pleasing contrast to the constrained and straight-jacketed carriage of their companion. The evening passed pleasantly away, and had a spectator, unacquainted with our true situation, been present, and seen the Texan officers dancing and waiting with the Mexican señoras, he would not have suspected that we were prisoners. A dance, executed by a Mexican sergeant and one of the girls, afforded much amusement. The name given to it was *danza de la espada*, or sword dance, the difficult and dangerous feats of the sergeant completely eclipsing the tricks of any juggler of the sword-swallowing genus I have ever seen. That he would not only take his

own life, but that of his brunette partner in the dance, seemed inevitable; for he cut and slashed about, fell upon his sword, balanced it upon his nose and eyes, and so pointed it at the breast of the girl, that we all felt relieved when the dance was over and ascertained that both had escaped unhurt. This exhibition gave infinite delight to a score of girls of the poorer class, seated upon the floor at one end of the room. And here I would mention one circumstance, which must have been observed, but appears to have been forgotten or suppressed by all travellers and writers upon Mexico—the singular faculty the women have of bestowing themselves upon a floor. I have frequently seen a dozen girls seated upon a space too small for even three of any other nation. How they dispose of their nether limbs is a mystery—I only know that they group themselves so closely together, and sit so bolt upright, that one might imagine they had been cut in twain, and the upper portion placed upon the floor after the manner of so many barrels in a storehouse."

We have now arrived at a less distressing part of the narrative, and pause awhile to prepare ourselves for the new feelings which it is calculated to awaken.

The Bondmaid. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish, by M. Putnam. Boston, Monroe & Co.; London, Green.

The Democratic Review. New York, Langley; London, Wiley & Putnam.

'Trällinnan,' or 'The Bondmaid,' exhibits what may be called the mystical side of the genius of the Swedish authoress, who has here worked out one of the Northern Sagas, in the form of dialogue rather than drama, with eloquence and fancy, not untinted with conceit. We did not require this evidence of Miss Bremer's poetical genius. No one that has done so much for the heart and the beauty of every-day life, with its trifling details, and its homely pleasures, and its small sacrifices, (the least of these, however, significant) could be prosaic. But we like her most when she is most simple. For instance, the following autobiographical letter, which we reprint from the 'Democratic Review,' seems to us neither half so real nor half so poetical as the imaginary confessions of Miss Husegavel, and Beata Hvardagstag, and Aunt Evelina. The letter, we may add, is prefixed to the German translation of 'The Neighbours.' We have corrected one or two glaring misprints:—

"To Mr. Brockhaus, Leipzig:

"Honored Sir,—Your letter has awakened in me feelings of gratitude and pleasure, which would gladly find occupation in complying with your wish, that I should communicate to you something of my life and the course of my education. But this has its difficulties, as I can only slightly allude to the events of my inner life, while just in these lies the principal part of my history. Hereafter, when I no more belong to earth, I should love to return to it as a spirit, and impart to men the deepest of that which I have suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved. And no one need fear me; should I come in the midnight hour to a striving and unquiet spirit, it would be only to make it more quiet, its night-lamp burn more brightly, and myself its friend and sister. In the meantime, any benevolent eye may cast a glance through the curtain which conceals the outward circumstances of a life by no means important or extraordinary, and see simply that I was born on Aura's shore, and had for my godfathers a pretty good number of the academicians of Abo; and from this fact, if the beholder have the gift of second-sight, he may trace an effect which I will not here dwell upon. At the age of three years, I was taken from my home in Finland, and have retained of this period only one solitary recollection; this is of a word, a mighty name; in the depths of heathenism, the Finnish people pronounced it in fear and love, and they speak it still with the same feelings, though ennobled by Christianity; and I often think I hear this word in the thunder of Thor, as he strides over the trembling earth, or in the lonely wind that refreshes or consoles it: that word is Jumala. If you will kindly go with

me from the soil of Finland to that of Sweden, where my father became a landed proprietor, after he had disposed of his estates in Finland, I will not trouble you to accompany me further into my childhood and youth, amidst the superabundance of inner chaotic elements, or the outward circumstances of a family presenting nothing unusual or especially interesting; who travelled every autumn in a covered carriage from their estate in the country to their dwelling in the capital; and every spring, from their dwelling in the capital to their estate in the country. This family contained young daughters, who drew in crayons, played sonatas, and sung ballads, educating themselves in every way that can be thought of, looking longingly towards the future to see and to perform miracles. In humility, I must confess I always thought of myself as a warlike heroine. And you may glance again at that family circle, and find them collected in the large parlour of their country dwelling, listening to readings; and if it please you remark the impression which some of the literary stars of Germany produce upon one of those daughters. If that one could die from violent emotion, she would have fallen stone dead from the chair at the reading of Schiller's *Don Carlos*; or to speak more accurately, had she abandoned herself to her emotion, she had been suddenly dissolved in a flood of tears. But she survived this danger, and lived to learn much of the country which may be justly called the heart of Europe, and from whose rich fountains of culture she yet derives nourishment. Would you look more deeply into the soul? See, then, how a thick earthly reality gradually spread its dark cover of clouds over her splendid youthful dreams; how twilight surprised the wanderer early on her way; how anxiously, yet how in vain she sought to escape from it. The air is darkened as by a thick fall of snow; the darkness increases; it becomes night. And in this deep, endless winter night, she hears complaining voices from the east and from the west; from a dying nature, and from despairing humanity; and she sees life, with all its love and beauty, buried, with its loving, beating heart beneath cold beds of ice. Heaven is dark and empty; there is no eye there, and no heart. All is dead or dying except sorrow. Perhaps you have noticed the significant figures with which all deeper mythologies begin. We see in the beginning a light and warm divine principle losing itself in darkness and fog; and from this empire of light and darkness, fire and tears, a God is conceived. I believe something similar happens to every one who is born to a deeper life; and something similar happened to her who writes these lines. If you see her a few years later, you will find that a great change has taken place. You will see the eye, so long moistened with tears, beam with unspeakable joy. She has arisen, as from the grave, to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been realized? Has she become a warlike heroine, victorious in beauty, love, or reputation? No, nothing of all this. Her youthful illusions have vanished, her season of youth is passed. Yet she is now young again; for in the depths of her soul freedom has arisen; over the dark chaos, a 'Let there be light' has been pronounced, the light has penetrated the darkness, and illuminated her also. Her eyes steadily directed towards that, she has said, amidst tears of joy, 'O Death where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!' The grave has opened since then, and torn away many whom she tenderly loved. She has felt, and yet feels, the sting of many a grief; but her heart beats freshly yet. The dark night has disappeared, but not its fruit; for as certain flowers open only at night, so, often in the dark hours of a great sorrow, the human soul first opens to the light of the eternal stars. Perhaps you wish to hear something of my authorship. This commenced in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in the French verses:

'O corps céleste de la nature!'

And for a long time I continued to write in the same sublime spirit, the reading of which I will spare my enemies, if such I have. I wrote under the influence of unquiet, youthful feelings, without design, as the waves leave their traces on the shore. I wrote to write. Afterwards, I took up the pen from different motives, and wrote what you have read. Now, as I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I see the same objects which surrounded me in my first

spring days, and am happy in possessing still, amid many loved ones, a beloved mother and sister. The meadows about our dwelling, upon which Gustavus Adolphus reviewed his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear no less beautiful now than they did to the eyes of my childhood; indeed they have gained in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grasses and flowers. With respect to the future, I cherish only the solitary wish to complete what I have undertaken. If I succeed in this, I shall consider myself as less unworthy of the great kindness which has been shown me; and the good and honest, whose approbation has inspired me, must thank themselves for the greater part. I thank you, sir, most heartily. Receive this expression of my sentiments towards yourself and your countrymen also, and be assured of the esteem and gratitude of

FREDERICK BREMER."

We cannot but hope for a revelation, some day or other, simpler than this.

'The Bondmaid' will be principally valuable in this country as completing the series of the works of one whom we cannot but regard as a near and valued kinswoman.

Travels in Scotland.—[Reisen, &c.] By J. G. Kohl.

[Second Notice.]

Is crossing the Frith of Forth at the Queensberry Ferry, Mr. Kohl met with two persons who particularly interested him as representatives of classes; an Italian, by name Ortell, from Rivolta, in the neighbourhood of the Lago di Como, and a Scotch preacher:—

Italians (he observes) are to be found scattered over the British islands even to the north of Scotland. There are many parts in Great Britain where Italians are far more numerous than Germans, which is strange, considering that the Germans are so much nearer akin to the English. There are, I think, far more Italians in the English towns than in the German (at any rate with the exception of the Austrian)—a fact also remarkable, as we Germans have always had so much more connexion with Italy. In some branches of industry this is decidedly the case, *e. g.* in music, and in the manufacture of barometers. Besides this, the Italians in England are also teachers of music, image-makers, dealers, as with us. My friend had covered himself with barometers, above and below, behind and before. He told me that he was travelling through the whole of Scotland, up and down the country. An Italian in Edinburgh assured me, that there were a hundred Italians in that city, and scarcely half the number of Germans. The preacher was from Fishfirth, a man of powerful build and loud voice, whom I should have taken rather for a thriving farmer than a minister. My companions had already called my attention to him, and told me that he was a high-flier; a name applied in England (?) to every enthusiast, and now in particular to those of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, who dissent vehemently on the rights and inviolability of their Church. Since the Tories have been again in power, a misunderstanding has confessedly subsisted between the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland and the ministry of Great Britain. "The Tories have broken into the Church, and we must show a bold front," said my friend the minister, when I inquired of him the cause of the misunderstanding. "They wish to take from us the power of the keys, which has been intrusted to us by God, and this we cannot permit; for this would be, if we suffered it, to deprive God of his glory." I do not exactly know why it is that I have always, from my youth, imagined—and I believe the same is the case with most Germans—that there was joined to the Presbyterian simplicity a certain modesty and particular endurance; and even although I long since learned the contrary in the pages of history, I can now scarcely persuade myself that it is otherwise. The Scotch Presbyterians, however, who think to represent in themselves the state and condition of the first Christians, have reproduced nothing of the humility, love and gentleness, which we find to be such essential characteristics of the Christian faith, and which show themselves in their fairest colours in the founder of our religion. They are so far removed from this, that they have imitated the first

Christians rather in externals, while, with reference to principles of faith, they maintain a great strictness and severity, and as regards priestly power and assumptions, they take up principles thoroughly popish.

Mr. Kohl shortly after introduces us to a village schoolmaster, a class of men in whom we take great interest:—

The village schoolmaster (says Mr. Kohl) belongs to a race of men whom the curious traveller must not neglect in any country. They stand on the outermost bounds of the educated classes, and are of that portion of society who think, compare, and reason, and are in the most intimate connexion with the main population of the land. They have their knowledge at first hand from foresters, gamekeepers, fishers, farmers, &c., and from nature of land, animals, plants, and climate. We consequently find among village schoolmasters a glorious treasure of knowledge of human nature, especially a detailed and minute acquaintance with their own locality, and the habits of their fellow villagers and neighbours, such as one does not meet with even among the clergy, moving as they do in a much higher and farther removed sphere. The ethnographer and statistician can therefore, if they set themselves rightly to work, collect immense stores of matter from the little treasury of the village schoolmaster. My teaching friend was in himself instructive; for I found him, as afterwards not a few of his colleagues, to be a very clever and well-informed man. His rooms were arranged in a cleanly, nay even an elegant, style, and when I compared it mentally with the dwellings of our village pedagogues in Saxony, I found the latter far more lowly. I expressed to my friend my joyful astonishment on this head, and he told me that he was personally contented; but that in general great discontent prevailed among the Scotch village schoolmasters, especially on account of the small remuneration which they received. I remarked to him that the same complaint prevailed among our German pedagogues, whose salaries were also very insignificant. "How much are they?" he asked. "They vary," I replied; "some amounting to perhaps 100 or even 150 dollars, others only 50 dollars, or even less than this." "How many dollars are there in a pound?" he inquired. "Seven dollars make a pound." "And fifty dollars are about—" "Seven pounds!" "What!" he exclaimed in horror, and jumped up from his seat, "seven pounds the salary of a schoolmaster!" "Yes, seven pounds," said I; "how much do you get then?" "I know none in Scotland who has less than from forty to fifty pounds. But the average income is from seventy to eighty pounds, and many amount to as much as one hundred and fifty." "What!" said I, startled as much as he had been, and jumping up from my chair, so that we stood like two people in despair opposite each other, "one hundred and fifty pounds! that makes one thousand and fifty dollars! With such a revenue a baron in Germany would be content; and yet you grumble." "Yes," he said; "it is true we complain. But then think how dear everything is here. The best Jamaica coffee costs, roasted, 2s., and sugar 8d. a pound; chocolate is still dearer, ten is not cheap, and then how dear good beef and pork are?" "Yes, indeed," said I, seating myself again; "that is true." But, I thought within myself, our schoolmasters are content if they have but bread in the house. The Scotch ministers complain, too, of the smallness of their salary; for the Reformers, when they destroyed the abbies and monasteries, let slip all the property and revenues connected with them, which fell into the hands of lay improprators, and afterwards, notwithstanding all their endeavours, they failed to recover any considerable amount of it. But there can be no doubt that none of our village clergymen would think that he had cause for murmuring, if he had the income of even the worst paid of the Scotch ministers; the least affluent of whom, that I could hear of, had one hundred and fifty pounds a year, besides manse and glebe.

The far-famed Inches of Perth did not fail to excite our traveller's attention:—

I had already heard a great deal of the famous Inches of Perth, the North Inch and the South Inch. By this name are called two small flat pieces of land, lying along the river Tay, one to the north, the other

to the south of the town, which probably are frequently overflowed. "Those Inches are glorious, sir," the people had often remarked to me; "they are wonderful, cannot be beaten anywhere, and we have no grounds for sports or races in Scotland to be compared with them." I could have well understood the praise of a fine mountain; but I was indeed curious to see what could make people so enthusiastic in talking of a mere flat piece of ground. On our arrival in Perth we heard a great uproar, and as we found that the people were all streaming out at the gate to witness a merry scene on the North Inch, we allowed ourselves to be hurried along in the throng, in order to get a look at the place so much talked of. The exciting cause was the clown of a company of rope-dancers, who was about to descend the beautiful river in a little boat drawn by four geese, harnessed to it. The company were going to give an entertainment in the evening, and they wanted to get up an excitement for their benefit. Such a flourish of trumpets must necessarily precede every undertaking in England; even in the best and greatest cause, one must first "get up an excitement." The means for so doing were this time well chosen, especially for an English public, which loves the comic better than any other public whatsoever; and the clown would doubtless not have excited half so much interest had he announced that he was about to fly through the air, drawn by peacocks, like Juno, or by doves, like Venus, as by sitting in his fool's habiliments, in a washing-tub drawn by four cackling geese. * * The whole North Inch was covered with human beings. I looked down from the beautiful Taybridge which soars high over the river at the commencement of the meadow, and comprehended at once and perfectly (especially when I reflected on the passion of the British for field sports), the praise which I had heard lavished upon the Inches. Near every one of their towns, the English have appropriated one or two flat spaces for their different games, cricket, ball, races, and the like, which are patronized zealously by the inhabitants, just as we Germans are anxious, before everything else, to secure in each of our towns one or two beautiful spots for coffee and music gardens. These spots are frequently compared with each other by amateurs and lovers of these sports, and in some of them so many favouring circumstances and peculiar advantages are united, that they have obtained a great name and fame in the English sporting world. So, as we have before said, the Curragh of Kildare is the most famous race-course in Ireland, and so these Inches of Perth are the most renowned spot for sports in all Scotland. The ground is completely level, and, notwithstanding its low situation, comparatively dry.

Mr. Kohl was led, we suppose by the contemplation of the Inches of Perth and such like places, to study the various games common in Scotland, such as Curling and Golf. The latter was taught him in miniature by an enthusiastic player, and Mr. Kohl gives the following amusing account of the instruction thus afforded:—

"Sir," said his instructor, "the great enjoyment in the game is the emulous excitement of the contending parties, their zeal, their cleverness, and their efforts. Then the grand thing is to study the different positions of the ball, the various difficulties in the way of striking it, for the player must strike it as it lies, and overcome them all with one clever stroke. Look here, just come here! You want to learn how to manage the thing? I'm glad of it, I'll show you all. Now here are some of the balls which we use. They are made of strong leather. It is of some importance what kind of leather you employ; but I will tell you all about that afterwards. * * But this you can see best at one of the ball-makers to the Edinburgh Clubs. If you return to Edinburgh you must not delay a visit to one of them. Go to Messrs. W. and S. Gourlay, the ball-makers to the Brunstfield Links Club: they are very obliging people, and will show you the whole process. However, look here for the present. The leather of the ball must afterwards be striped with different layers of white colours. * * But Messrs. Gourlay will explain to you the why and the wherefore, better than I can. Here we have too much to do!—Ah! Mary, do shut the door! The gentleman wishes to learn how to play at Golf, and the children make such a noise

that I can scarcely hear myself speak. (I must here remark, that I was with my friend in his house; Mary was his wife.—and I am not writing a scene of a novel, but putting down facts and persons just as they appeared.) Well, so much for the balls; now you must make acquaintance with the things we strike with, the clubs, or the "kolbes" (?) as we Scotchmen call them. (I remarked, by the way, to my friend, that we had the same word in German, which pleased him immensely, and whereupon he ventured the suggestion that the word *Golf* was merely a corruption of *Kolbe*.) Look here, here's a host of them. You see they all approach more or less to one type, although they differ a little from each other. Each of them consists of a stick, from three to four feet in length, with a somewhat bent top, which we call a knob. I can draw the figure of one with a stroke or two on this slip of paper, that you may not forget the shape; here it is; this looks simple enough, but good heavens! it is no easy matter to make the thing aright; the knob must have just the exact curve, must neither be too heavy nor too light, and the stick must combine great strength with a certain degree of elasticity. The wood of which the sticks are formed must be selected with great judgment. The stick is loaded inside with lead, and on the back of it, to increase its strength, a plate of thick horn must be fixed. I have, as you see, got ivory on mine, on account of its greater elegance. I love the game, am used to my kolbes, and therefore do not mind spending a little more to have them as perfect as possible. The stick itself must be wound round strongly with silk at the handle. I have had mine wound round with velvet and gold thread, for ornament's sake; one's hand would slip on the smooth wood. Now pray look at the different shapes of my kolbes; some of them are mere thick knobs, these are used when the ball lies on plain level ground; some are rather more like spoons, hollowed more or less, to get the ball out of a cleft or any other hole; one must strike it at the same time cleverly, so as not only to lift it out, but to send it farther on; some, as you see, are shorter, and have a thicker top, and some of them are made entirely of iron. These last are used when a strong stroke is required, as when the ball lies buried in sand and the like: they have all different names, but however, I will give you the address of the best kolbe maker in Edinburgh—Mr. D. Macewan, who makes the kolbes for the club which I have already named to you; don't neglect to go to him, as soon as you get to Edinburgh; he can also tell you a good deal about the rules of the game." Here I interrupted my friend with a question:—"If a little loose stone lies before my ball, is it allowed by the laws of golf, to push it aside?" "Well, that is a fair question! In a case like this there are various opinions and customs. Some clubs allow it; others have a strict rule that everything should remain as it is found. The laws of some clubs allow that when the ball has fallen into a hole from which it is impossible to extricate it with the kolbe, the player may take it out with his hand, throw it perpendicularly into the air, and strike it as it falls, of course under certain limitations: other clubs are stricter: but now come here, come here (I had been all the time by his side), now I'll show you the game as well as one can in a room by candle-light. Ah! what a pity! could you not stay a couple of days longer? I would invite some friends to-morrow, and we would go out to the North Inch, and there make up a game for you; but you are hurrying to our Highlands? Well, we must make a virtue of necessity; but when you return to Edinburgh, don't forget to go at once to Musselburgh; there you will find splendid players, and if you stop a day or two, you are sure to see a good game. On the Links of Leith, too, you may see good golfing, and on the Links of Edinburgh also, as well as on the Green at Glasgow, but our Inches of Perth beat every other ground hollow. Here, take a club in your hand; I will take one too, and imagine that we are two parties playing: each side may consist of as many as we please. Each player has a lad running behind him with his different kolbes, from which he picks out the one he wants for the stroke: now just suppose that this room is the Links of Leith or the Inches of Perth. This shall be the hole (he marked one with a piece of bread-crumbs); but stay, the chairs and tables are in our way—Mary, call in the boys; here young ones! move away the tables, chairs,

and sofa." "Oh! pray do not put yourself to so much trouble." "Oh, don't mention it." We cleared the whole room—the doors of the next room were thrown open, and we had a pretty long space, which was all lighted with candles. "Well now, do you strike straight in the direction of the hole; but we must do everything in miniature here, and give only a gentle blow." The real explanation, after all, began here; but, I must confess, it ended almost at the beginning. My first ball fell in the ashes of the fireplace, and was there in a very critical position; my friend called on me to suppose that the ashes were a sand heap on the ground, and that the pieces of turf lying about were boulder stones; and he had so many remarks to make on this supposed case; what circumstances, whether advantageous or otherwise, were connected with it; with what club I had better fetch out the ball; whether I had a right to move the ashes aside, and under what restrictions; whether I had better comply with these restrictions, or take my chance of a hit, and his explanations were so crammed with expressions peculiar to Scotland and the game of golf, as "tee," "holing," "caddy," "putters," and such like words, the meaning of which I could not make out, that in his zeal he became quite warm, and the perspiration stood on his forehead. I, however, was as much in the dark as ever. I at last ceased from any further inquiries, conceded to my friend, that the game was not by any means as simple as I had fancied, and we both sank down, weary and fagged, on the sofa, which the children had in the meanwhile replaced. In conclusion, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, he insisted on giving me letters of introduction to famous Scotch golfers, and a good deal of information with respect to works from which I could learn the game thoroughly.

We must not, however, multiply our extracts, although there is much of interest which we have not noticed, but conclude with a comparison between Scotland as it was and Scotland as it is, suggested to Mr. Kohl on his way from Dunkeld to Taymouth Castle.

All the hills we passed were now, in spring, decked with red and yellow larch trees—the work of the Duke of Athol. Before his time it was all bleak and bare. We rolled along, too, on a beautiful road. I cannot leave off wondering at the great change which has come over Scotland, when I compare the country as it now is with what it was no long time since. In this view there is no book more interesting to read than the *Travels of Dr. Johnson*, who was here seventy-one years ago, and who pictures the country as quite barbarous, and speaks of it in something of the same tone as we should speak of the Crimea, or some other such place. He generally travelled on horseback; huts were his night quarters, oaten bread his food, morass and rock his roads, ignorant, simple mountaineers his guides. Now one finds good roads in all directions, and good inns in plenty. Not only all coast points, but even the islands—the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Shetlands, and since the year 1834, even St. Hilda, the most remote of all—have been united to the mainland of Scotland by a wonderfully contrived net of steam communication. If we look at Scotland as it was at the commencement of last century, and compare it with Scotland as it now is, and take any part of human industry, any part of state or family management, which we please, we shall find everything in those times so small and now so great, that it is as hard to believe in the smallness then as it is in the greatness now. If we compare the numbers of the population, the amount of the revenues, the condition of national education, agriculture, gardening, construction of canals and roads, luxury, architecture, any branch of industry we please, we shall find that it has all increased ten-fold—in many cases twenty-fold. We find Scotland a hundred years ago so small and petty compared with our present statistical views, that we can hardly comprehend how it was thought worthy of a place in the pages of history. It lagged behind all the states of Europe, and now it sails like a swift steam-frigate among the first nations of the world; and many a proud European ship of the line has to watch and imitate the manoeuvres of this frigate. For 1700 years the words of Virgil—

Penitus toto divisos orbis Britannos—

were applicable, at least, to Scotland; they are now, at length, sunk into utter want of meaning.

Here we leave Mr. Kohl, only hoping that our readers will be as much pleased with his work in the translation, which we suppose will be shortly forthcoming, as we have been with the original.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Ellen Middleton, a Tale, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 3 vols.—This story may rank with the tales of passion which Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Southey, and the authors of 'Violet,' 'Trevelyan,' and 'The Chaperon' have given to the world; and if a little after them, it is because of the nature of its invention. This we must call painful and improbable. A young girl in a fit of sudden passion, becomes accidentally the murderer of a child, her cousin. From the concealment of this calamity, arise torments which endure for the remainder of her life. The deed has had its witness—and the witness puts the wretched criminal on the rack, in turn falling under the influence of a more powerful spirit, who has his own reasons for refined cruelty, in the shape of unrequited attachment and a preferred rival. Henry is the dark shadow of the tale; hitherto personages of his name have been for the most part merely sentimental deceivers. These premises conceded, the story is wrought up with a power and energy which promise an acquisition to the ranks of female novelists. What an advance, for instance, are the realities of 'Ellen Middleton' on the shadowy sentimentalities of Mrs. Opie, which drew tears by the thousand some forty years ago! Ellen marries; so does her tormentor, and the portrait of Henry's wife Alice, though possibly spiritualized beyond all reality, is a vision of placid sanctity, deeply affecting in its beauty. But though married, Ellen's persecutor does not lose his hold; on the contrary, by the knowledge of her secret, which concealment has swelled into a mountain of agony and crime almost too great for heart and brain to bear, he compels her to afford him a hearing for his insane passion, and excites well-grounded suspicions on the part of her husband, the results of which are fearful. We do not remember a picture of despair and anguish more complete than is to be found in the third volume. The language, throughout, has the eloquence of persuasion and passion: the dialogue flows easily, and the descriptions are drawn and coloured by a master-hand. But the tale wants sun-light; terror, and tears, and remorse, darken every page of it: and the very force and skill, with which they are combined enhance the monotony of woe, till we are glad when the spell is broken, and the rest won, by our reaching the close of the volumes.

Modern Chivalry, or a New Orlando Furioso, 2 vols.—The advertisements have given this book to Mrs. Gore, but their announcement was hardly needed, so peculiar is that lady's style:—so recognizable by all who register forms as well as ideas. Here we have the well-known smartness of phrase, often concealing commonplaces, but occasionally indicating depths of thought, which so copious a producer can have no time to fathom—the use of scriptural phrases oddly alternating with the modish vocabularies of Francatelli, Berton, and Isidore—here the same artifices of sarcasm and nickname as were employed by the 'Désennuyée,' and more recently by 'Cecil'—here the Greek and Latin quotations which so mystified the many with respect to that transparent thing, the authorship of the Coxcomb's confessions. In short, 'Modern Chivalry' is one among the hundred works of its clever, but mannered writer; and this report may be sufficient for all who are familiar with her "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." But there will be readers who will require further information: for these, then, we add, that it narrates the career of a selfish man. The chivalry of the new Orlando—so runs Mrs. Gore's bitter lesson of life—is Quixotic in behalf of its own—egotism! and we see, accordingly, Howardson, our hero, secluding himself from every annoyance, sacrificing every feeling of those he approaches, to the end that he may pass through life a prosperous Epicurean. Those curious in comparisons, as to the different colours in which two clever women, in two clever countries, may paint a male character of the same order, can hardly have a better opportunity than by setting the Howardson of Mrs. Gore against the Horace of George Sand. In force and earnestness the French lady has the advantage;

in fluent smartness, the English: who could have expected this? Is it true that our neighbours are becoming the morose and serious, and ourselves the singing and—as the Viscount d'Arincourt declares—the dancing nation? Here is a pretty matter for quarrel, on which the observers of manners in both countries might do worse than exercise their wits. We are glad to leave the cause in their hands.

The New Pitaval. [Der Neue Pitaval, &c.]—This is a collection of the most interesting criminal histories, ancient and modern, of all countries. We might recommend these volumes, as a copious treasury of horrors, to those who would construct, out of such materials, an imaginative literature; but this would not be consistent with our principles. If we must read such matters, we had rather read the bare literal facts of legal evidence, than see them enveloped in the robes of fiction. The object for which we read such things is not æsthetic; and to turn them to such a purpose is a sure sign of that confusion of distinct branches, which, both in art and literature, is to be reprobated. Such books are for use, not for poetic amusement; are intended to furnish the student with curiosities in psychology and examples of legal examinations. In these volumes will be found many interesting cases;—instances of four or five persons, in order to criminate others, voluntarily charging themselves with the murder of an individual who died accidentally; of persons tortured and put to death for the murder of a man whose death had never been proved; of two contemporaneous trials, in different courts, respecting the same gentleman, one educing the strongest evidence that his wife had murdered him, while the other supplied the clearest proofs that he was still living. All who like such curiosities will find plenty of them in this collection; which has, certainly, more interest than many of our would-be tragical novels. The work is edited by Drs. Hitzig and Häring. The accounts are written in a plain and clear style, and many of them serve well to expose the errors of the ancient *a priori* mode of trial, which has played so terrible a part in jurisprudence.

The Rose of Tistelön, a Tale of the Swedish Coast, by Emilie Carlen. Translated from the original Swedish. 2 vols.—The translator announces that we owe this novel, in its English dress, to the success which has attended the introduction of Frederika Bremer's tales of every-day life. We think that 'The Rose of Tistelön' deserves to be carefully read, and its writer to be received kindly: but she must hardly look for the cherished fireside seat, which, as to a relation, we have awarded to the writer of 'The Neighbours,' and 'Strife and Peace.' The new lady has not the exquisite nationality of our first friend. Had Frederika perched upon the Skargård rocks, we should have had here a phrase, there a costume, in another place some wonderful Skargård dish, described with a sly *gusto*, that would at once have made us feel we were in lands strange to us, but for the universal human heart. It is hardly so, in the present instance. We have English hands that could "get up" the peculiar life and scenery from books quite as well as they are described here: and as some may cry, "Name," we will remind the reader of the vast variety of power of this kind, displayed in Miss Martineau's 'Illustrations,' written before that lady had stirred far beyond the threshold of her library. So that Emilie Carlen (whether maid or wife we know not, and this must excuse our familiarity) must, as a characteristic novelist, take rank among the second-rates. As a romance, however, of passion and incident, rather than character and manners, her book merits, and will receive, we think, attentive notice: since there are few who begin it, but will be sustained by their curiosity to the end. The leading group of incidents is this: a renowned smuggler and his son encounter an officer of the coast guard, and murder him and his son:—a younger son of the smuggler who is present—A shuddering witness of the crime—grows mad:—Birger, his brother, is seized with a half-repentance; he has long sought in love Erika, a poor girl who had been taken into his father Haraldson's house, to tend Birger's sister, Gabriella, 'The Rose of Tistelön.' Erika learns from the ravings of poor Anton enough to terrify her, and to make her wring from Birger the horrid secret. The murderer blames her obstinacy as the cause of his cruelty—he appeals to her compassion as the one only means of saving his soul, and she

resolves to sacrifice herself, and marries him! On the other side, a boy is left to the widow of the officer Arnman, and the training of Arve, and his experiments in life, form the most pleasing part of the narrative. In process of time the boy becomes, like his father, a custom-house officer, is thrown into contest with the Tistelön folks, and, alas for his and her peace! falls in love with, and is beloved by, their "Rose."

We need go no further: without raising the curtain from before the catastrophe, enough is told to acquaint the experienced that from such a conjunction no good could ensue. Had not a certain numbness crept over our authoress, as though her tale lulled herself into lethargy while she was telling it, a far more forcible and vigorous close would have "wound up the charm,"—and might have given the work a lasting place in the library of Tales of Retribution.

Outlines of the History of Ireland—contains a greater amount of perversion of facts and party misrepresentations than we have ever seen in the same number of pages.

A Plan to Abolish Duelling.—The writer before us insists on the absurdity of the duel, as a remedy for injuries not punishable by law, and offers proofs, of which there could be little need. On the assumption that the duel is generally a mere "form, the going through which is looked upon as enough to save a gentleman's character," our pamphleteer proposes the adoption of some "less morally and legally objectionable form," and commends the oft-commended establishment of a court of honour as efficient for the purpose. This proposition has been so frequently made and refuted by the good sense of society, as an evident solecism in principle, that we wonder at its finding a new champion. The pamphlet, however, deserves and will repay perusal. It is likely to do more good by the various ridiculous lights in which it exhibits the absurdity of the practice, than by the suggestion it advocates. Of the power of ridicule, the author is himself aware, and recommends our popular novelists to undertake the subject.

List of New Books.—Baronia Anglia Concentrata, or Baronia in Fee, by Sir T. C. Banks, Bart. 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 3s. or large paper royal 4to. 5l. 5s.—Journal of a Missionary Tour through Arabia, by the Rev. J. Samuel, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—The Works of William Shakespeare, containing his Plays and Poems with Notes and Life, by C. Knight, complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. cl.—The Rev. A. Dye's Remarks on Collier's and Knight's editions of Shakespeare, 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. cl.—So much of the Diary of Lady Wolloughby, as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First, small 4to. 18s. bds.—The Highlands of Ethiopia, by Major W. C. Harris, 2nd edit., 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. cl.—Debreit's Genealogical Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland, revised, corrected, and continued to the present time, by Henry Collier, Esq. 8vo. 1l. 10s. hf-bd.—Modern Atlas of the Earth containing 60 Maps, and an Index of 45,000 places, with letter-press, by Mudie, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. hf-bd.; ditto, without letter-press, 4to. 2l. 2s. hf-bd.—The Law of Parochial Assessments, by W. Golden Lumley, Esq., crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Thitt's Office and Duties of Constables, 3rd edit., 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Blackstone on Real and Personal Property, by Stuart, 3rd edit., 1l. cl.—Cherry's Illustrations of Saints' Days and Festivals of the Church, Vol. II., 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.; ditto, complete in 1 vol. 12mo. 9s. cl.—The Words of Truth arranged on various subjects, by John Stevens, 2nd edit., 12mo. 2s. bds.—Marriott, Annalecta Christiana, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, royal 32mo., 2s. cl., 2s. 6d. roan, 3s. mor.—Sermons on a Future State of Happiness, by Rev. E. Thompson, 2nd edit., crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Sermons designed to illustrate Christian Truth and Obligations, by the Rev. W. P. Farquhar, 1 vol. 6s. 6d. cl.—How shall we Conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England, by the Rev. J. C. Robertson, 2nd edit., 10s. 6d. cl.—Christian Fragments, or Remarks on the Nature and Comforts of Religion, by John Burns, M.D., 6s. 8vo. 5s. cl.—The Elements of Algebra, designed for the use of Schools, by the Rev. J. W. Coleman, M.A., 4th edit., 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Letters of Sir Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. 1l. 8s. cl.—Cahul and the Punjab, by Lieut. Barr, 6s. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Wrangell's Siberia, 2nd edit., 12mo. 6s. cl.—Our Indian Empire, its History and present State, by Charles M'Farlane, Vol. I. 6s. cl.—Thornton's Gazetteer of Scinde, Afghanistan, &c., 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s. cl.—The Rural Life of England, by Wm. Howitt, 3rd edit., 8vo. 1l. 1s. cl.—Ellen Middleton, a Tale, by Lady Fullerton, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. cl.—Anecdotes of Actors, by Mrs. Mathews, 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Constancy and Contrition, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The 'Governess,' royal 18mo. 4s. cl., 3s. 6d. swd.—The 'Farmer,' compiled by G. Nichols, Esq., royal 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl., 2s. swd.—Display of Heraldry, from authentic sources, with a Description of the Figures, by A. Barrington, 12s. in cl. case.—The Olynthiac Orations of Demosthenes, by Hickie, crown 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Vol. I., 16m. 32mo. 2s. swd.—Dr. Richardson's New English Dictionary abridged, 2nd edit., 1 vol. 8vo. 18s. cl.—Morton on Calculous Secretions in the Horse, Ox, Sheep, &c., 8vo. 6s. cl.—Mill's Essays on Political Economy, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

THE SONG OF THE MAY FASHIONS.

FAIR May, to all fair maidens of May-fair.
Ye matrons, too, the poet's greeting share;
May may a May to matron and to maid
Return without a grief, without a shade;
May all be gay from Middlesex to Mayo,
May never sigh be heaved or heard a heigh-ho!

All poets have their impulses and passions,
And mine it is to sing a Song of Fashions,
Of bonnets, frills, and parasols, and capes,
Of gauzes, guipures, marabouts, and crêpes,
Of dresses, ribbons, stomachers, and bustles,
And all that floats or flounces, waves or rustles;
Of trimmings, flowers, feathers, fringes, shawls,
For fêtes and dinners, operas and balls.

Be gracious, Maia, queen of merry May!
As smooth as velvet make my summer lay;
And if you be a millinery Muse,
Airy Muslin, don't your aid refuse,
But come with Fancy in your gauzy train,
And leave the Gullie for the British plain;
Like your best needle let my verses shine,
And with your thimble shield each fearful line.

Oh, be propitious! Make me glib on
Cambrics, and profound on ribbon,
Learned in lamas, bright on satin,
Chemisettes and corsets pat in;
Aid me, lest I make a hash mere
Of mantilla, scarf, and cashmere.
Thus involve me in dilemmas
With the Graces, Maudes, and Emmas,
Lest I get into quandaries,
Misdirecting Lady Maries;
Or damages may have to pay,
For leading Bell or Blanche astray;
Duplicating Kate, deceiving Ellen,
Or misguiding Madame Helen
By some costume which afar is
From the present mode of Paris.

Paris still is Helen's passion,
Paris still the glass of fashion.
Come Iris, too with all your vivid hues,
Come Flora, with the dew-drops on your shoes!
For there will now be need of vernal dyes,
To suit young May, and charm the charmer's eyes,
Pale pinks, blue lilacs, and the softest greens,
For bonnets, ribbons, silks, and bombazines;
And, Flora! mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse and prodigal of flowers.
Pray make the lazy lilies leave their bed,
To join in weaving crowns for beauty's head,
And bouquet-sceptres, for her royal hand,
Beauty is queen of all by sea and land!
The daffodil will not leave his cup,
But sure the temperate jonquil might be up.
Draw largely now upon your violet banks,
Your drafts will honoured be with ladies' thanks.
And go where Nature secretly puts chemises on,
Bring freshest breaths, for health is now in season.
Mind, Flora, mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse of May's delicious flowers.

But ah, the poet takes adventurous ways,
Who roves through realms of stomachers and stays,
Whose fancy sports on beauty's dangerous skirts,
Coquettes with coiffures, and with centures flirts.
Quick o'er 'th' enchanted region let him haste,
For many a peril waits him in the waist.
A woman's brow is oft a fatal steep,
From which mad lovers take their fatal leap.
Mark with what murderous aim those lightning's fly,
Nor rashly come within the range of eye.
Hop over hips, skim lightly over bodices,
For gods themselves are overcome by goddesses.
Say, first, what cap shall head of beauty wear,
Though seldom cap should be admitted there.
Tulle chiffonné, with heather blossoms gay,
Or any other tiny flowers of May.
Plain on the forehead are the caps in vogue,
A matron's air they give each charming rogue;
Broad at the back a pretty curtain placed
With flowery wreath is elegantly graced
And where on each side at the ear it closes,
Deck it with bunches of the same small roses;
Or place a point, with fluted tulle surrounded,
Or with raised lappets, "à la paysanne" bounded,
And held in bonds of double-tinted gauze,
Lest in "the pride of place" it break through Fashion's laws.

Pass we now from caps to bonnets,
Hard to be discussed in sonnets.
What should be their shape and size,
To engage all female eyes?
In what hues should we baptize them,
That the fair may not despise them?
Bonnets now—list, maidens all,—
Bonnets now are rather small;
Fashioned in the prettiest shapes,
Of satin overlaid with crêpes.
Some with ribbons trimmed, and some
Trimmed with lace of France become.
Of the pretty, prettiest far
Those in gros de Naples are;
Colour suited to the face,
Covered with appliqué lace,
Decked with branch of rosy bloom,
Or with smart feuillage de printemps.
White straw bonnets are the mode,
Some are worthy of an ode,
With a veil so thin and slight,
It seems wave of air and light.
Let marabouts around them cluster,
And lovers will not fail to muster.

Fashion now will always choose
 Cheerful tints and vernal hues.
 Proper now, the maiden thinks;
 Softest greens and palest pinks;
 Captivated now she sees
 Lilacs, blue, and French cerise,
 But if she be light and merry,
 Trick her out in English cherry.
 Pretty colours! is it not,
 Pity they should e'er be shot?
 Western ladies chiefly prize
 -or ribbons now your Eastern dies.
 Understand the East afar,
 Not the East of Temple Bar.
 Bayolets are deepening down,
 And feathers flattening on the crown.

The bonnet sung, descend we to the gown,
 Still rising in our strain as we go down;
 For now the subject leads to lovelier parts,
 Oh, what are ladies' heads to ladies' hearts!

The corsage should more open be in front
 Than churchly corsage commonly is wont.
 This style combines both elegance and ease,
 And prudish eye alone objection sees.
 Knights only wish their ladies to be pleased,
 And ladies are by close corsages teased;
 Alas, how oft is British beauty pinched,
 Now squeezed by satins, now by lamasynchod,
 In velvet trice of ruthless sempstress seen,
 Or burked by some remorseless bombazine.

Ye towering beauties, wear the corsage high,—
 The 'WORLD OF FASHION' wills it! Ask not,—why?
 The "corsages amazones" are most august,
 And best become the matron's ample bust.
 Ye dames who rule your husbands, daughters, sons,
 'Tis yours to wear the "corsage amazone."
 But here let broiery lavish all its skill,
 The needle here work many a miracle.
 The "chichorés rucher" for May are all the rage;
 And patterns taken from the Gothic age.
 No artist now the milliner is high as,
 And oft she shows an antiquarian bias.
 The Ceinture?—pause!—the Ceinture!—Heaven rest us,
 'Tis in the magic circle of the cestus!
 Bonnets and caps and hats were frigid topics;
 The corsage led me first within the tropics.
 There, there, disporting in the torrid zone
 The poet might his hardiment have known;
 But now behold him, daring penetrator!
 Like Cook, or Byron, cruising at th' Equator;
 As if it was his hard-ship's right, or duty,
 To sail beneath the very Line of Beauty,
 Where latitudes so easily are taken,
 And sailors by their stars so oft forsaken.
 Oh, may there beam upon me from on high
 The maidenliest star in all the sky,
 While to the harp's sweet chord, or lute's soft string,
 Of waists I warble, and of ceintures sing.

Of robes de ville the ceintures should be round
 As Euclid's circles, or the charms they bound.
 Oxford and Cambridge both agree
 No figure can more perfect be;
 And all through Almack's great dominion
 We find maintained the same opinion:—
 Consequence that must gratify
 Each learned university.
 Still May-fair scholars strive in vain
 To guess why circles are called plain (plain),
 Round ceintures look so very pretty
 To the eyes of Lady Kitty,
 Though she, perhaps, "en déshabillé,"
 Is prettier than in "robe de ville."

But I linger: round the hips
 (The poet speaks through Fashion's lips)
 Be the girdle very low,
 And the gown an ample flow,
 The skirts,—oh, heed the words of sacred song!—
 "THE SKIRTS IMMENSELY WIDE AND VERY LONG!"
 Round the lovely person swimming
 Frank with prettiest fancy trimming,
 Devices of renowned mistresses
 For enchanting summer dresses.
 And here let ladies call me boor,
 If I forget thee, *frange guipure!*
 Decking skirts in triple rows,
 While the balmy zephyr blows,
 Taking freedoms, naughty air,
 Which I, the poet, would not dare.

For colours, if you list my lay,
 You will still consult the May.
 I have no more rules in store;
 The law has been laid down before,
 Nothing dark, and nothing sad,
 All be gay and all be glad.
 Your greens you'll from the green-house choose,
 From the sky select your blues.
 Any garden-wall will teach
 The most becoming shade of peach.
 Dress in Dark tints you who dare!
 'Tis high-treason in May-Fair.
 Robe in Pennsylvania drab
 If you want from Smith a stab.
 Should you pant to dress in brown,
 Do so, but go out of town!

* The exact words of the Prose Writer in the 'World of Fashion,' a striking instance of the "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and also a proof that one may be writing poetry all his life, as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* spoke prose, without knowing it!

City dames their dowdy limbs on
 Stiff display their odious crimson,
 Ah, no better do they know,
 Belles who hear the bell of Bow!

But now my song is sung, I care no more;
 May maids and matrons profit by my lore;
 Accepted may it be by dames and damsels,
 By all signoras, donnas, madames, ma'm'selles,—
 By all the graces, beauties, virtues, powers,
 In halls and parks, in boudoirs and in bowers.
 And, oh, let none of woman born
 The poet of the Fashions scorn,
 Or account his labours light,
 Or pronounce his merits slight.
 Sir Husband, you whose thrifty purse they rifle,
 Know well that London fashions are no trifle;
 That coin must pay for cointures, caps, and collars,
 That *déshabillés* and dresses sound in dollars;
 That for each pretty hat, each handsome gown,
 You must—aye, must you—handsomely come down.
 Call dress a trifle!—no, as I'm a sinner,
 There's but one weightier theme—oh, need I mention
 DINNER? M. W. S.

[THE SAME BY A PROSE WRITER MAY BE SEEN IN THE 'World of Fashion']

DR. WOLFF'S JOURNAL.

[Continued from p. 381.]

On the 29th of December Dr. Wolff reached Komars. "There are here," he writes, "only thirty Armenian families, and these are in a state of ignorance. We slept in the house of an Armenian, which was by no means as clean as the stables of the Turks in the former places in which we had slept. On the 30th of December we arrived at Dehli Baba, where I again slept in the house of an Armenian, of whom there are thirty-five families and three priests. Most of the Armenians were gone on horseback to a neighbouring village to fetch a bride, and they returned with her to the village accompanied with musical instruments and clapping their hands!"

The next day the road was covered with snow to such a depth, that he was obliged to engage two Armenians to assist him; yet, with all their exertions, they were only able to accomplish six miles, and were glad to reach a wretched village called Taber, inhabited by Kurds. These men were very brutal, and could with difficulty be induced to give them any thing to eat, even for money; and (the Doctor says) "they certainly would have plundered me had I come there without the men of the Pasha of Erzerum."

On the 1st of January 1844, the Doctor reached Mullah Soleiman inhabited by Armenians, who, 200 years ago, were all converted to the Roman Catholic faith, by a missionary named Soleiman, from whom the place took its name. The priest of the place, a well-informed man, had been ordained by Abraham, Bishop of Merdeen, whom the Doctor knew twenty years ago, when at Merdeen, in Mesopotamia. This priest expressed great regret that the Doctor had not taken up his abode the previous night in his domicile. On the 2nd he arrived at Kara-Klessea, where a church was established by the preaching of the apostle Thadeus. This place is called, in Armenian, Pakre-Ant.

On the 3rd he arrived at Kolassur, colonized by Persians from Erivan, but abandoned by them in 1827, to avoid being subject to the Russian Government. The Mullah called on Dr. Wolff; he could read the Koran, but without understanding it, and was much surprised when the Doctor translated some passages into Persian.

On the 4th he arrived at Utsh-Keslea (three churches). There is a convent, called Wank in Armenian, at this place. Here, says the Doctor, Gregory the Enlightener converted many thousand Parsees and Armenians to the faith in Christ; and it was here also, that King Tiridates was converted by St. Gregory, and baptized in the Euphrates. This Utsh-Keslea must not be confounded with Utsh-Keslea, or Etsh-Miazin, near Erivan. In the year 1831 Doctor Wolff visited this place, accompanied by a priest called Simon of Tabreez; he was then taken ill, and remained three days in the convent. The Superior immediately recognized him, and was so glad to see him, that the Doctor remained the whole day among the pious and exemplary inmates of that convent.

On the 5th he reached Diadeen, a miserable village, entirely inhabited by domiciled Kurds. "Here," writes the Doctor, "I lodged in the house of a very civil, kind-hearted, and hospitable Kurd. An hour after our arrival, two soldiers arrived from Bayazid, on their way to Erzerum; and as the inhabitants of the

villages are always obliged to provide horses for the soldiers as far as the next station, without payment, my Kurdish host appointed one of his men to remain up all night and watch, and not, on any account, to allow the postman who brought me and my people to go away in the morning with his horses without taking the two soldiers with him as far as Kara-Klessea, whence we came. He therefore desired the servant to keep a good look-out during the night, in order that the postman from Kara-Klessea might not take the horses out of the stable in a stealthy manner, as they are accustomed to do. Sleep, however, overcame this poor fellow; but I was not able to sleep the whole night, and I saw the postman come into the stable and take away the horses. Not having been informed by my host of the arrangement, I remained quiet, observing what was going on. About an hour after the departure of the postman, the servant awoke, and perceiving that the horses were gone, he exclaimed, '*Pesewenk!*' i. e. ruffian, and gave the alarm; but it was too late. In the morning the soldiers insisted upon taking the horses destined for me, and I had considerable difficulty in gaining my point. Two very bad horses were at last procured for the soldiers, and I set out for Ghizi-Deese, a most miserable Kurdish village, where our two cavasses were obliged to flog one of the Kurds with a whip, in order to convince him of the necessity of affording us a shelter in his house. Scarcely had we crossed the threshold, when clouds covered the sky, and the snow fell so thick and fast, that actually a man could not see his neighbour standing near him. Being snugly settled in a warm stable, I felt thankful, and exclaimed, 'Al-hamdo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen (praise to God the creator of the world) that I am already in this house!' My Kurdish host immediately observed, 'If I had known before that this European says "Al-hamdo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen," I would have taken him into my house at once.' An hour afterwards the sky cleared up, and it ceased to snow, when I heard a voice from the street inquiring whether any Englishman had arrived, and immediately after a Gholam (courier), sent by Col. Shiel from Tehran with dispatches for Erzerum, entered the room, and told me that a Mehmandah had been sent to Awajick, by the Prince Governor of Tabreez, with a *Rakum* (order) to furnish me with horses as far as that town. This had been obtained through the kind exertions of Mr. Bonham, Her Majesty's consul.

"On the 7th I reached Awajick, and was very hospitably received by the Governor, Khaleefa Koole Khan. Here I dismissed the Pasha of Erzerum's two cavasses; and, although I was not obliged to give them one farthing, I made them a present of 200 piastres, and they returned to Erzerum happy and rejoicing, and I pursued my journey with Ismael Beyk, Mehmandah of the Prince of Tabreez."

On the 8th the Doctor slept at a miserable Persian village called Karaine; on the 9th at Sahr-Abad, and on the 10th he reached Khoy. Here (continues the Doctor) "I lodged in the splendid house of my old acquaintance Soleiman Khan, now governor of Khoy; he is a freemason, and although a Mohammedan, treated me at supper with excellent wine. He recommended me, on my arrival at Tehran, to make the acquaintance of a renowned dervish named Mirza Naser Ullah Sadder Almemalek, but he strongly advised me previously to visit the Hajee, the prime minister of Muhammad Shah, who might be offended if he were not visited first. In the night a fire broke out, and a considerable part of the house was destroyed; I was, however, so completely exhausted by fatigue and cold, that I slept through the night, and knew nothing about it until I was informed of it in the morning." On the 13th the Doctor arrived at Tabreez, and was hospitably received by Mr. Bonham, the British consul-general, and his lady. He preached and administered the sacrament to all the English at Tabreez. On the 15th he received a visit from the Persian Governor, and was introduced by Mr. Bonham to his Royal Highness Bahman Meerza. He was graciously received, and his Royal Highness immediately ordered a Mehmandah and escort to accompany him to Tehran, and furnished him with letters of introduction to Tehran and Meshed. He then called upon the Imaam Jemant (high priest) of Tabreez, who gave him letters to persons of influence at Bokhara. He

heard that the famous chief of Torbad, Muhammad, son of Iszhak Khan Kerahe, was then a prisoner at Tabreez; this man was considered the modern *Rasul* of Persia, on account of his gigantic figure, and had sold at least 60,000 Persians to the Toorkomans. In the year 1831, while travelling in Khorassan, the Doctor was taken prisoner by him, and carried to Torbad. He was now desirous of seeing and consoling his former master, and through the kindness of Mr. Bonham, he obtained from the Prince the necessary authority, and thus describes his visit:—

"This poor man is no more living in such grandeur as when I was his slave. I found a guard at his door. He rose when I entered the room, and recognized me immediately. I remained two hours with him, administering to him all the consolation in my power. It is very extraordinary that this man, who has taken out the eyes of hundreds and thousands of people, and who has sold so many thousands into slavery, is of a mild appearance; his eyes, however, are such as one would be rather afraid to look at if met in the desert! I must tell you how he was made prisoner. When Abbas Meerza was in Khorassan, in 1831-2, he struck terror among the different chiefs. At last he (Abbas Meerza) sent a *Laanat-Nakma*, i. e. a letter in which he wished that all sorts of curses should come upon him (Abbas Meerza) if he did not treat well Muhammad Khan Kerahe in case he would immediately come and pay him a visit. Strange to say, Muhammad, the son of Iszhak Khan Kerahe, whose father had already been thus entrapped by the royal family, believed the assurance of Abbas Meerza, and came to Meshed, riding on a splendid horse. On the road Yahya Khan, one of the chamberlains of Abbas Meerza, came to meet him, and advised him to make a present of his horse to Abbas Meerza. Muhammad Khan answered sternly to this proposal: 'I never will part with this horse, for which I have given twelve such fellows as thou in exchange.' When Muhammad Iszhak Khan approached Abbas Meerza he was given to understand that he was a prisoner." Such an act, Dr. Wolff remarks, does not redound to the honour of Abbas Meerza, and incloses the autograph genealogy of this celebrated captive chieftain, which he wrote in the Doctor's presence, and of which the following is a translation.

"Muhammad, son of Iszhak Kan Kerahe Tatar, of the family of Tshingis Khan.

"The ancestors of Tshingis Khan were Oolinjah Khan and Olamjoo, a Mogul who had twins. The name of the one was Mogul Khan and the other Tatar Khan, from whom all the Tatars descend, as the Moguls do from Mogul Khan. The sons of Tshingis Khan were—

- "1st. Hutshi Khan.
- "2nd. Jaklay Khan.
- "3rd. Aktaye Khan.
- "4th. Tule Khan.

"After the death of Tshingis Khan, the children of Tule Khan became kings. Mikakahan Khan sat upon the throne of Tshingis Khan, who sent his brother, Alaka Khan, into Persia, and resided for awhile at Tabreez, whence he went to Bagdad, and killed Muattessin, the last of the Khaleefs, of the family of Abbas. The tribe of Kerahe accompanied Halaku Khan to Tabreez, and after the extinction of the dynasty of Tshingis Khan, the Kerahe emigrated to Turkey; but when Tamerlane became the conqueror of the world, he removed 40,000 families of the Kerahe tribe from Turkey to Samercand, of whose number, however, 12,000 separated and remained in Khorassan, whose descendant I am."

Dr. Wolff then went home, and found in the consulate a Persian merchant, whose friend left Bokhara twelve months ago, but who had heard nothing of the death of either Stoddart or Conolly.

"It is remarkable, indeed," writes Dr. Wolff, "how everywhere the fanaticism of the Mohammedans is diminishing. The following circumstance is an example. The Armenians here (at Tabreez) celebrate their Khatshawan, i. e. the Washing of the Cross, on which occasion they employ Mohammedan soldiers to fire salutes. There are even now instances of Armenians who have become Mohammedans, and have again openly returned to the Christian faith."

Dr. Wolff then states the conversation which he had with a Persian merchant, as to the fate of

Conolly and Stoddart, but which we have already published.

"On the 19th of January the Armenians, Georgians, and Greeks at Tabreez celebrated the Feast of the Holy Cross. My Servian servant Michael got drunk on that day; when I reproved him for it, after he became sober, he coolly replied, 'what should one do else on such a grand day?' On the 20th my Mehmandah made his appearance at the door of the British consulate. Mr. Bonham and Mr. Burgess accompanied me a distance of seven miles. On the road we observed, to my great grief, that Michael my servant was so drunk that he was not able to hold himself steady on horseback. I ordered him to dismount and give me back the money—for I had given him my money to keep. He delivered up the money, but at the same time struck me in his fit of drunkenness, and left me on the open road. As Messrs. Bonham and Burgess had already returned to Tabreez, when that fellow left me, I was afraid that he might either die on the snow—for he had laid down and slept—or be carried away as a slave, or stripped of everything. I therefore sent back the keeper of the posthorses, to give notice of it to Mr. Bonham, who sent one of his men who took the fellow by force back to Tabreez, and I afterwards had to send his portmanteau after him. I do not know now what has become of him, or whether he returns to Constantinople, from whence I brought him. I continued my journey, and arrived that day at Seydabad. On the 21st we reached the hilly village called Tekmetash. It was tremendously cold, and scarcely had we reached the posthouse (Manzela) when clouds covered the sky—the horizon was darkened, and a tremendous, not falling, but rising of the snow and sand from the ground took place, so that no one was able to stir out of the house. The Persians call this kind of storm Koolagh. I never saw anything like it during all my travels—such kind of koolaghs frequently kill the rider and horse in an instant, especially when they are accompanied by a cold wind. We were obliged to stay in this miserable place, which is more exposed than any other place in Persia to this so-called koolagh, till the 23rd, when we continued our journey toward Turkman. A cold wind was prevailing, which penetrated my large boots, given to me by Col. Williams, under which I had on two pairs of stockings. I suddenly perceived a terrible rising of the sand, so that I was obliged to shut my mouth and rub my eyes, when the horror was increased by the snow falling down from the mountains, and my Mehmandah exclaimed—"Koolagh!" Most fortunately however, in ten minutes, the koolagh ceased, the air became warmer, and snow fell gently down from heaven. If the koolagh had lasted longer, I should have been hurled down a precipice, from which I was about twelve yards distant, and had not observed it. We now rode on in full gallop, and arrived safely at Turkman, where we passed the night."

We shall continue our extracts next week.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE little thought, when we were reviewing Mr. J. H. Merivale's translation of Schiller's lyric poems, in conjunction with that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, that we should have so soon to record his death, which happened suddenly on Thursday evening, the 25th of April, in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Merivale was remarkable for amenity of manners, and kindness of disposition. His devotion to the legal profession was never able to subdue his ardent love of literature. He generally devoted his evenings, and especially the leisure of long vacations, to the writing of original poetry, or translations from ancient and modern writers. He is most known to the literary world by his translations from the Greek Anthology. More than sixty years of age when he began the study of German, he applied to it with such youthful vigour, that after a few months, he gave in the *New Monthly Magazine*, a series of translations of some of the most difficult of Schiller's poems. Latterly (as we have already noted), he published nearly the entire of this author's miscellaneous poems, translated with an elegance and fidelity rarely combined, accompanied with notes which required extensive and varied reading. This publication led him into an extensive correspondence with literary friends, from whom, with the humility of true talent,

he gladly received every suggestion for future improvement. In the midst of this, to him so pleasing occupation, death overtook him. Mr. Merivale was descended, on his father's side, from an old and highly respected Unitarian family; but was himself a member of the Church of England. His mother's father was a native of Lubeck, a fellow townsman and friend of the founder of the house of Baring, who had preceded him to England, and on whose invitation he also came to this country. Of his sons, one is known as a barrister and a distinguished writer on political economy, and another is a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The following appears in the *Times* quoted from the *Agra Ukhbar* of the 3rd of March. "We have just, at a late hour, received a piece of intelligence, which we lay before our readers without note or comment. Our Lahore correspondent mentions to us, as a fact on which every reliance can be placed, that Dost Mahomed had sent intelligence to Colonel Richmond, that both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are alive."

It appears, from the Fifth Report of the Keeper of the Public Records, this week presented to Parliament, that the site of the Record Office is at last determined upon, and, as might have been predicted from previously published correspondence between the Treasury and the Master of the Rolls, a portion of the New Westminster Palace is to be devoted to the purpose. It is stated that fire-proof accommodation can be provided for the Records during the current year in certain portions of the New Houses of Parliament; and that some of the most important and valuable of the Records will be speedily removed there. It cannot surely be meant that the Victoria Tower, which it is understood is intended to be the great Record depository, will be ready within the time mentioned. The works of the great tower are scarcely forty feet from the base, and years must elapse, we imagine, before the summit, which is to rise nearly three hundred feet from the ground, will be completed. It is probably meant to remove those Records at present most exposed to hazard, to some unoccupied parts of the New Houses, in the first instance; a judicious step, since any temporary safe place must be preferable to such a repository as Carlton Ride, which the Report states (p. 11) to be at present under the constant watch of police constables and a fire-engineer. Considering that nearly the whole of the Records of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, for the last six centuries are deposited there—a collection quite unrivalled in Europe—no precautions against the hazards to which such a building is exposed can be thought too great. The Report presents a concise summary of the annual amount of the business transacted in the office. From this it appears, that during the year ending 31st of December, 1843, there were 2,506 searches in the calendars and indexes, 4,706 inspections of the records themselves, 1,350 copies made, of which 740 were authenticated under the seal of the office. The fees received for this office amounted to 1,075*l.* The fee for each search or inspection, which may extend over a whole week, is only 1*s.*; and if the number of searches exceeds five, then all fees above 5*s.* are usually remitted. Comparing the present fees with those before the new system, they may safely be said to be about one-eighth. Consequently, if the charge were at the old rates the fees which the public now receives, would amount to about 8,000*l.* per annum, considerably more than the present cost of the whole establishment. But in addition to this public business the Report shows that extensive works have been executed, and are still carried on in improving the arrangement of the Records, and preparing inventories and calendars. We hope to see the information given in the Appendix to these Reports, preserved in a more permanent shape and collected together.

Complaints still continue to be made of the imperfection of the Catalogues in the British Museum. "That of the Sloane MSS. by Ayscough," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "is only fit for waste paper, being one mass of errors; the catalogue of the Royal MSS. is very little better; to the 400 MSS. left the nation by George IV., there is only a written one, and that, not having any index, is consequently useless; nor is there any index to the 14,000 MSS.

which have been added to the library since 1753. If then a reader is in search of any particular article, he must wade through between 30 and 40 folio volumes of written matter before he is likely to obtain the article required. In the printed book department, letter 'A' only of the new catalogue is finished, although it was stated in the House a few years since that the whole catalogue would be ready by the latter end of 1845 (1945?). These complaints, we think, should be attended to; and the catalogue of printed books now publishing should, in our opinion, be sold to the public at the price of paper and press-work.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Shakespeare Society, the secretary stated that the Council had resolved on publishing occasional volumes of miscellanies, to be entitled 'Transactions of the Shakespeare Society'; to which the members were invited to send subscriptions. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Council, in the room of five others retiring by rotation:—Sir Henry Ellis, Rev. W. Harness, Mr. Heywood, Mr. J. Oxenford, and Mr. E. Utterson.

Professor Baché, of Philadelphia, has been selected by the American government to superintend the Coast Survey. We are glad to see by the papers that this appointment has given general satisfaction, equally to the public and to the scientific men of America, as we are sure it will do in England. At the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association, Prof. Baché was requested to draw up a Report on the progress and present state of Meteorological Science in America. He has not hitherto had time to complete it, and we fear this new appointment will still further delay the work; but we cannot allow our selfish regrets to influence our judgment, or induce us to withhold our congratulations.

The following additional Decorations are directed to be made to the New Royal Exchange by the last Report submitted to the Gresham Committee:—The statue of Queen Victoria in the centre of the merchants' area; the statue of Elizabeth at the south-east, and of Charles the Second, which stood in the centre of the area of the late Exchange, at the north-east corner of the merchants' area; the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, in the great niche over the east entrance, and the Royal arms above the doorway at the west entrance, by which arrangement the statues of the three sovereigns in whose reign the edifice has been erected will appropriately decorate the exterior; a tessellated or mosaic pavement for the merchants' area, instead of the pavement contemplated by the contract; and an embellishment in the ceiling of the ambulatory, by a series of consecutive painting or paintings in wax on the forty-six compartments thereof. The additional sums necessary to carry out the great object of affording appropriate and highly-finished works of sculpture for the embellishment of the building were voted by the Joint Gresham Committee.

The getting rid of a public nuisance is a subject of general satisfaction, and we are sure our readers will rejoice to hear, that the filthy hoard which has, from time beyond the reach of memory, disfigured Trafalgar Square, is, at length, partially removed. Out of respect, however, for "vested interests" and the prescriptive rights, we suppose, of billstickers and others, a hoard is to be continued round the Nelson Column.

The musical necrology of the current year must be lengthened by the name of Henri Montan Berton, the well-known French opera composer, whose reputation, however, was rather Parisian than European. He was born in 1767; and during his long life filled successively many situations of musical honour and responsibility in Paris: was diligent, versatile, and fluent as a composer—his opera, 'Montano et Stephanie,' being the work which has enjoyed the most popularity. He exercised his pen, too, in didactic and theoretical works; and, by his death, a vacancy is left in the *Institut*. He was buried with full musical honours.

A few lines, in addition to the notices of the week, will "bring up" our musical report. We may mention the repetition of 'Deborah,' at Exeter Hall, yesterday week, and announce, as among the minor "celebrities" which have taken place, the concerts of Miss Binfeld Williams, and the first Drawing-Room Concert of Miss Alicia Nunn, who follows the fashion so rapidly spreading, of a series of chamber entertainments, in place of the one monster performance, by which the professor or stranger used

to appeal to the public. Never were star-violinists so plentiful as this year: a new one, Signor Cesare Rossi, made a successful appearance at Drury Lane on Wednesday evening; while M. St. Leon, the dancer, and also a showy solo player, is to be nightly heard at the Haymarket. This would seem to argue, on the part of our play-goers, an increased appetite for instrumental music. No violoncellist, however, has, up to this moment, arrived: and the pianists would seem to be frightened at each other's shadows—since neither M. Liszt, nor M. Döhler, nor M. Dreyshock, all of whom have been announced, have yet made their appearance even in the concert bills. Madame Castellan, a French cantatrice of some popularity, is said to be on her way here: of the appearance of our Gallicized countrywoman, Madame Anna Thillon, in 'The Crown Jewels' of Auber, we shall speak next week. Before we conclude, we may advert to the departure of Madame Albert from the French Theatre, and the appearance there of Mlle. Plessy. Perhaps, however, our English readers will take more interest in a rumour which has reached us from the country, of the appearance in tragedy of Miss Macready. The name will stir many, as a word of hopeful promise, and, we are informed, that the performances of the lady are such as to encourage expectation yet further. In these early days, it were unwise to say more—remembering how, beyond all other professions, the actor's requires a long and painful apprenticeship, in the presence of the public. On these grounds, the decay of drama in the country must act most unfavourably on the metropolitan theatres, as depriving them of their nurseries. Mr. Charles Kemble's Shakspearian Readings, we observe, are to commence on Monday, the 13th.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
Notice is hereby given, that the EXHIBITION WILL OPEN ON MONDAY NEXT, the 6th inst., at 12 o'clock. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

Exhibitors and Students may receive their Tickets and Catalogues by applying at the Academy on Monday after Twelve.

Closing of the present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, May the 11th.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

N.B. The Gallery will be re-opened early in June, with a selection of pictures by Ancient Masters, and Deceased British Artists.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, of the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dark. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK. JUST OPENED, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Owen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, a new and splendid picture, by John Martin, Esq., R.L.—also The Deluge, The Fall of Nineveh, Canute, The Curfew, The Hermit, are now ON VIEW at Mr. Atherton's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket (next door to the Theatre). Also, for private sale, some pictures of the highest class by the Old Masters. Open from Ten till Five.

Admission One Shilling.

N.B. Two Noble Altar Pieces for sale.

MUSIC OF SPAIN.

Without extra Charge to the Public, at the **ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—The Directors have engaged Mr. C. E. HORN, to deliver a SERIES of LECTURES on the MUSIC of EIGHT DIFFERENT NATIONS. The MUSIC of SPAIN commences on the 6th inst., at Eight o'clock in the Evening, and will be continued during the week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Eight o'clock; and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock, with VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS. All the other LECTURES and EXHIBITIONS as usual. LONGBOTTOM'S PHYSIOSCOPE, ARMSTRONG'S MICROSCOPE, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 23.—The President in the chair.—The first paper read was by Mr. C. Geach, who had promised, at a meeting of the Institution, in February 1843, to give the results of more extended comparative trials of the strength of solid and hollow Axles. The result of the present experiments was as decidedly in favour of the solid axle, as the former ones had been in favour of the hollow axle, so that, as far as the practical utility of the examination extended, the results were useless.

A paper was read by Mr. Glynn, relative to the fracture of Railway Axles, which he attributed to

the constant succession of blows received by the axles in travelling. The action was stated to be similar to that of an axle laid on the edge of an anvil, and subjected to a series of smart blows of a hammer, while in constant rotation. The fracture presented the appearance of a clean annular cleft all round, for the depth of half an inch into the body, the centre part being crystallized, and reduced so much as to be unable to bear the weight and the torsion to which the axle was subjected, by the pressure of the break on one of its ends. These observations had induced the Railway Company to apply the power of the break upon both wheels simultaneously,—thus avoiding the torsional strain.

An account of the scaffolding used in erecting the Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, by Mr. T. Grissell, was read. This scaffolding, which was first used in London, for the erection of the façade of the London and Birmingham Railway Station, by Messrs. Cubitt, then by Messrs. Grissell & Peto, at the Reform Club House, and also at Woolwich, in forming the new graving dock, was composed of sills, uprights, cross-heads, longitudinal timbers, braces, and struts, all of whole timber. The upright timbers were slightly tenoned into the horizontal timbers, and the junctions secured by iron dogs, driven into the timbers diagonally across the joints, which were preferable to bolts or spikes, as they could be more easily withdrawn, and the timber was not injured. It was stated, that with this scaffolding, and the travelling-machine at its summit, one mason could set as much work in one day as was formerly done in three days by the old system, even with the aid of six labourers, who are now dispensed with. The base of the scaffold was 96 feet square, exclusive of the raking braces; the height of each stage varied from 21 feet to 48 feet; the total quantity of timber used in its erection was 7,700 cubic feet, and its cost was 240l. for labour in erecting.

It was recommended that the plan, adopted at Liverpool, of bonding timber upon dry land, instead of allowing it to float in timber-ponds, should be made use of in London, as by that means the timber would be better seasoned, would be less subject to decay, and the Kyanizing process would not be so much required.

A paper, by M. Pierre Jourmet, described the scaffolding employed by him for the construction and repair of columns, obelisks, and chimneys of great height, at Paris; and also the machine used for raising building materials, at the Houses of Parliament, the mansions at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, &c. The scaffolding consisted of a simple combination of a number of brackets, fixed at regular distances of about five feet apart vertically, upon girdles of chains and screws, braced tight round the column under repair: upon these brackets the platforms were laid, and, as the workmen proceeded upwards, the lower brackets were alternately raised to the platforms above, where the workmen stood. The progress thus made in forming, and in taking down, a scaffold, was stated to be very rapid, with corresponding economy of time and expense; no poles or cords were used, and no waste of material occurred. By these means the obelisk of Luxor, at Paris, was repaired in a very short time, and at a very small cost.—The machine for raising building materials consisted of an endless chain of square open links, the lower end revolving around a driven wheel, and the upper end around a corresponding wheel, fixed upon a scaffold, at the height of the building. The hods, buckets, and baskets were each furnished with a hook, by which they were suspended on the rising side of the chain and when they arrived at the necessary height, they were taken off by labourers, and carried to the spot where the materials were to be used; when empty they were hung upon the descending side of the chain, and lowered to be again filled. Messrs. Grissell & Peto, who had used these machines, expressed themselves much pleased at the economy they effected, which would induce them to employ them more extensively with engine power, for the erection of the Victoria Tower, at the new Houses of Parliament.

April 30.—The President in the chair.—A description of the method employed for repairing a Chimney 120 feet high, at Messrs. Cowper's Cotton Mills, Glasgow, by J. Colthrust, was read. The means adopted were thus described: the workman

was provided with a broad leather belt, to which was attached a strong spring hook; staple-shaped ladder irons, with flat jagged ends, were driven into the joints above each other at intervals of 15 inches apart, by the man standing on them in succession as he ascended, until he reached the top; his safety was secured by fixing the spring hook on the ladder iron immediately opposite his waist, which enabled him to use both his hands when working; a rope was also passed round his waist, and down inside the ladder irons, to support him in case one of the ladder irons broke or came out; he thus succeeded in removing some ornamental plates of iron which had been loosened by a storm. In descending, the workman took the ladder irons out one after the other, the whole operation being performed in two days and a half; the total cost, including a bonus of 5*l.* to the workman, was only 13*l.*

The first part of a paper by Mr. W. Fairbairn, 'On the reduction of the Magnetic Ores of Samakoff' (Turkey), was read. It commenced with reviewing the few attempts which had been made towards improving the methods of treating the richer iron ores both of England and of foreign countries; the great English iron makers having restricted themselves to using the lean carbonates of iron, on account of the facilities they offered for working; the great advantages which might have resulted both in the quantity and quality of the metal produced from rich ore have been thus neglected. It is stated that Mr. Ohanes Dadian, an active and enterprising Armenian in the service of the Sublime Porte, brought to this country specimens of magnetic iron ore and of bituminous coal found in the district of Samakoff, in Turkey; he had them analyzed at Paris and in England, and found that the ore was nearly a pure oxide of iron, containing about 63 per cent. of metal, that it was free from sulphur, arsenic, and other deleterious matters, and that there was mixed with it about 12 per cent. of siliceous earth. The ore was described as being found in the form of a fine sand, covering extensive plains, where it had been deposited to the depth of several feet, probably by the action of water on the mountains around, where a similar ore existed in considerable masses. In consequence of the favourable report of the assayers, and acting on the advice of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Ohanes Dadian determined to persevere in his projects, and his attention being directed to the process invented by Mr. Clay, for producing malleable iron direct from the ore, as described in a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Feb. 14th, 1843, he secured that gentleman's services to conduct some experiments, and subsequently engaged him to proceed to Turkey to prosecute the working of the iron ore on an extensive scale. Mr. Clay's report, and that of Mr. Hague, were fully given; they contained details of the various ingenious modes employed to work the ore, which, being in the state of fine sand, either fell unmelting through the fuel into the bottom of the furnace, or was blown out of the top by the force of the blast. At length Mr. Clay, thinking that if the ore could be deoxidized by a previous operation, it would be in a fitter state for fusion in the blast furnace, submitted it to a partial process, as far as causing it to form into lumps; in that form it was easily fused, and produced cast iron of a peculiarly ductile fluid, and yet strong character, of which specimens were exhibited; the success of this plan was considered so complete, that the preparations were immediately commenced for erecting works in Turkey on a large scale.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Apr. 27.—On some 'Recent Researches in Electrical Decomposition,' by Dr. Miller, of King's College. The lecturer, after showing by experiments that liquids when conveying the current are capable of extricating heat and inducing magnetism, and in these respects resembling solid conductors, proceeded to state that they differ from solids in the motion which their particles visibly exhibit; he asserted that most liquid bodies capable of transmitting the current consist of two or more chemical elements in combination, and that when subjected to the influence of a voltaic battery they are decomposed; one portion of the elements accumulating at one pole of the battery, whilst the other portion collects at the opposite pole. Water, he remarked, had always been considered one of the substances most easily thus decomposed: yet he

showed that a spark may be obtained under water from two charcoal points forming the poles of a battery, of nearly as great brilliancy as that produced by bringing them in contact in air, which is admitted to be an extremely bad conductor; he also interposed at one point of the circuit a small quantity of distilled water, and showed that no electricity passed; on adding a solution of sulphate of soda to the distilled water, immediate decomposition ensued, and abundance of gas was extricated, an experiment from which he inferred that the presence of a little saline matter confers conducting power upon the water. After recalling attention to the discovery of Dr. Faraday, that the power measured at any one point of a voltaic circuit is a measure of its force at any other point, so that the proportion of a substance decomposed at one point is a measure of the quantity capable of being decomposed at any other point in the same circuit, he stated, that when saline solutions were electrolyzed, an apparent exception to this law was observed, and the current appeared in this case to have twice the power; so that a proportion of the salt was decomposed, and at the same time gases from the decomposition of an equivalent quantity of water were set free, whilst a voltmeter included in the circuit only indicated sufficient electricity to decompose either the salt or the water, but not both. This apparent paradox he explained by stating that the salt alone is in any case decomposed, and that the decomposition of the water is an accidental circumstance. All salts, he said, might be considered as composed of a metal, or something tantamount to a metal, in combination with a substance or group of substances possessed of equal but opposite electric power (in contradistinction to the common notion that they consist of an acid and a base in chemical union). When subjected to the decomposing action of the battery, the metal, he said, appeared at one pole, while the whole remaining elements were transferred to the opposite pole; when the metal, like potassium, was capable of decomposing water at ordinary temperatures, gas was given off, consisting of pure hydrogen, an oxide of the metal was formed, while at the other pole oxygen was given off from its separation from the bodies in combination with which it was transferred under the influence of the current, at the same time an equivalent of acid was set free; when, on the contrary, the metal, like lead or copper, was not capable of decomposing water, no hydrogen was extricated, but the metal itself was deposited in the solid form. Experiments were shown in proof of this assertion, the salts being in some cases dissolved in water, in others melted by heat alone; when melted nitrate of silver, for instance, was thus treated, the metallic silver was obtained in beautiful crystals. After adverting to the value of the voltaic battery as a powerful means of investigating the molecular grouping of compound bodies, and aiding in the examination of disputed points in theoretical chemistry, the lecturer concluded by describing some curious results obtained relative to the transfer of the bodies disengaged under the influence of the current, and by stating that, contrary to the usually received opinion, such transfer did not take place in equivalent proportions in opposite directions; but that some substances, on the contrary, did not appear capable of transfer at all; among this number was copper, and he referred to this cause the impoverishment of the solution around the electrolyte plate where the process is long continued.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. British Architects, 8. P.M.—Annual, for Members only.
— Entomological Society, 8.
TUES. Civil Engineers, 8.—(Second part.) 'On the relative strength and other properties of Cast Iron from the Turkish and hematite ores,' by W. Fairbairn.—Description of a pair of iron Lock-gates, constructed in 1843, for the entrance of the Wet Dock at Montrose, by J. Leslie.—Description of a Cofferdam used for closing the end of the building slip at H. M. Dockyard, Woolwich, by B. Snow.—Account of the plan adopted by W. P. White for raising the *Janissaire* steamer sunk in the river Lee, near Cork, by G. F. White.
— Linnean Society, 8.
WED. Literary Fund.—Anniversary.
— Society of Arts, half-past 8.
THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
— Royal Society of Literature, 8.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.
FRI. Astronomical Society, 4.
— Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Rev. J. Barlow, Sec. R.A.: 'On the Chemical and Mechanical processes, and the Social Influences of the Penny Post.'

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE WORKS FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Further examination has not changed the opinion we expressed last week of the general character of this Exhibition.

The Stained Glass

exhibited is certainly below the mark of most of the ancient examples, in respect both of beauty of design and execution. What there is, is founded upon former performances, ranging over a long period from the twelfth century down to the last, which owns the abortive and unprincipled performances of Jervis after West in St. George's Chapel and after Sir Joshua Reynolds in New College, Oxford. The design in the present exhibition most notable for being in an entirely wrong direction is No. 71, by Mr. Edward Corbould. It is a sketch of a picture intended to exhibit "Edward the First entering Westminster after having vanquished the Welch in 1282"—a happy subject, calculated to extinguish national prejudices, and pleasant for the contemplation of Peers and Commons having Welch blood in their veins! But letting the subject itself pass, what a mistaken notion this design shows of the end and aim of stained glass! For what purpose is a window? Surely not to stop the light. The sole aim of stained glass ought to be to temper and colour it; but, following the bad models of the last century, Mr. Corbould offers us a design which, with its chiaroscuro, dark and neutral tones, would either show the light through a medium of Vandyke brown or keep it out altogether. It may be a question whether there should be any attempts at all of chiaroscuro effects in painted glass, or any colours but positive ones, and those as bright and pure as art can make them. Why mingle together the effects of oil painting and glass staining—each art having different objects and modes of execution?—We do not want to look at transparent glass pictures, things out of nature, and hybrids in art less successful far than paintings on canvas.—There are results from those illegitimate attempts, which are no better than mere tricks. The radical objection to them is that they *spoil* the light—destroying the object for which the window exists. But there is a further objection to these glass pictures, inevitable in the mechanical execution of them. The leaden junctures of the glass made as delicate as possible, cause hard positive lines, which would be quite intolerable in a painting—and though these lines may be contrived so as not to fall across a face or a hand, still they must exist somewhere, if the design is of any magnitude. We doubt very much, therefore, if any kind of shaded work ought to appear in a stained glass window. It is an attempt after something which cannot be carried through. You may get a hand or face modelled by shadows, so as to affect the representation of nature; but it is no sooner accomplished than a broad black line stretches across the neck or the wrist of the figure, contradicting the effort. The glass-stainer should therefore ever be mindful, in the first place, that his work being for a window must not destroy the purpose of a window; and secondly, that, attempt what he may, he cannot imitate nature or create successful pictures. We are well aware that the introduction of figure subjects was sanctioned by the practice of great artists—Albert Durer and the Flemish artists; but even this authority does not satisfy us that the practice is right, or may not be carried to an unjustifiable extent. The glass in Canterbury Cathedral of the twelfth century, which essentially aims at nothing beyond ornament, appears to us to realize its purpose far more perfectly and efficiently than the specimens three centuries later in York Minster.

We have said thus much on the principles of stained glass, because the specimens in this exhibition make it clear that they have not been considered at all. We selected Mr. Corbould's design for our text, because it seemed to us the *ne plus ultra* of error—but there are several others infected with the same class of mistakes. In No. 164, a group of Henry the Eighth and his three children, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, there is little positive colour—scarcely anything but leaden neutral tints. No. 131, representing the Earl of Richmond receiving the crown on Bosworth Field, is liable to the same objection, and so is the same artist's design of the Ascent to Calvary, painted for the Charter House Chapel—an indifferent performance

in all respects. There are some two or three designs—Nos. 67, 72, for instance, which propose the introduction of portraits in the midst of ornament. The picture and the ornament look as if in antagonism to each other—like two dissimilar arts, brought together mistakenly; and the effect tends to confirm our opinion that nothing requiring a pictorial treatment should be introduced in stained glass.

Mr. Corbould's design is not open to the charge of affected bad drawing, but most of the others are. This adoption of imperfect forms (unless in a work of simple restoration) seems to us a most ignorant mistake. The drawing of the fourteenth century was crude and imperfect, not wilfully on the part of artists, not for a love of stiffness and ugliness. It was not from a sense of its beauty that these were preferred. What then shall we say to the modern artist, who has so little knowledge of the aim of art, as to imitate in a modern structure those defects of old times? Better to stand still than progress like the crabs, backwards.

There is, however, one result arising from the awkward drawing and the coarse junctures in the ancient specimens which is worthy of remark. It is, that the window never impresses you as being a picture—it is nothing more than a skilful arrangement of beautiful colours. The subject of the design, if subject there be, is entirely lost or merged in its ornamental character. No one ponders before any of the windows of York Minster, in order to discover what meaning there may be in the arrangement of the bright colours.

The best specimens of glass are those of a merely ornamental character. After repeated examination, we think No. 137, representing the arms of Edward III. by Thomas Wilmhurst is, though not very original, the best—we remember indeed nearly the whole of the design itself in Mr. Shaw's *Encyclopedia of Ornament*. As a successful and direct imitation, Mr. Warrington's design (No. 68), consisting chiefly of royal escutcheons, badges, collars, and also his executive specimen No. 117, are worthy of notice—though there is too little positive colour. Assuming that ornamental designs are the most suitable for stained glass, can we accomplish nothing better than imitation of past examples? And must we take heraldry and its uncouth monsters, as the base on which to ground our ornamental patterns? If we are under this constraint, it may perhaps be said with some truth that we must adopt those forms in which heraldry was expressed, in its most palmy days—for, undoubtedly, griffins and dragons modernized are very non-descript creatures. The herald painter's red and blue lion, is far more suitable for his purpose than a lion drawn by Edwin Landseer would be.

It is difficult to form a very conclusive judgment on the drawings only exhibited for windows. Messrs. Ballantine and Allan appear to have taken the greatest trouble, and they have sent some dozen of designs—all containing effigies of royal and noted persons. Subject to the qualifications implied in the foregoing remarks, we should say that they had merit, and likewise the designs of Mr. C. E. Gwilt (No. 60). Mr. Crace's design (No. 77) has no colour, and the forms seem capricious, and rather bordering on the Louis Quatorze period.

On the whole, this exhibition of glass is disappointing and unpromising; but it may be remembered that Mr. Willement and others of note have not sent specimens.

The Decorative Painting

here exhibited, shows little more than clever execution. Messrs. Crace have been very diligent, and make the most show, but without much meaning or beauty. Their chief specimen, No. 156, illustrative of the foundation of the Order of the Garter, is a curious commingling (not to say confusion) of Middle Age design and modern execution. The figures of St. George and his dragon are modern antiques indeed. It is said, we know not with what truth, that both this design and its execution are the works of foreigners. If such be the case, unless the workmen are qualified by a residence of ten years in the United Kingdom, the design is surely not admissible, even though it pass under the name and as the work of an English firm. The invitation of the Commissioners was decidedly to the actual artist, and not his employer. Mr. Frederick Sang's 'Specimen of Encaustic on Keene's Cement' (No. 155), is the extreme of pettiness; a feeble design carefully executed, devoid of character and meaning. Not so with the specimens

by L. W. Collman, which are chiefly arabesques, executed with decision and grace, though low and dull in colour. As specimens of workmanship, we should pronounce them and No. 146 (John Goodison's) the most promising in the exhibition: at the same time, a word of commendation may be bestowed on the designs of W. B. Simpson for a certain kind of gracefulness, not, however, at all suitable to the New Houses of Parliament. The most ambitious attempts are the designs (Nos. 78 and 79), by Richard P. Pullan. The first is intended to exhibit the style of decoration of the fifteenth century, applied to an entire apartment. The Queen's robing-room has been selected, which it is proposed to fill with statues, paintings, and heraldic decorations. The latter bearing a most disproportionate share to the higher arts of painting and sculpture. It is a confused glitter of strong colours and gilding, in the midst of which, small pictures may be discovered after a hunt for them. If this is a specimen of the proposed decorations, we shall pray rather for bare walls than such a perplexing hurly-burly. Even admitting the ornamented part in this case, to be too exaggerated in quantity—this design still strengthens our scepticism of the possibility of judiciously mixing together the historical painter with the house decorator. Pictures and ornaments are distinct things, having different aims. Painting, like poetry, addresses the mind—considering the means, the colouring, treatment, and even form, as in the early Italian paintings, wholly subordinate to expression. Ornament, on the other hand, speaks directly to the senses, and has little aim beyond. We can imagine it even painful to read Shakespeare in a book whose marginal decorations were made of primary and intrusive importance. The designs which Mr. Barry himself exhibited a year or two back at the Royal Academy, as exemplifying the general character of the proposed decorations, seemed to us to assign to the historical painter a position much too subordinate. Though it may be quite necessary that he should work in unison with the architecture, he should not be placed on the same rank with the house painter. It appears to us, that these decorative specimens are a very weak part of the exhibition, and necessarily so, from the deficient knowledge of how the decorations themselves are actually to be employed. In respect of their invention, they can only be classed as modern copies of ancient styles, or as specimens of decoration altogether inappropriate to the New Houses of Parliament. It would be a practical absurdity to summon Mr. Eastlake or Mr. Mulready to paint one part of the walls of a room, and Mr. Crace, or any other professed decorator, to ornament the other parts, independent of the higher artist. The historical painter, like all his great predecessors, should supply both the picture and the ornament. Raffaello did so. Albert Durer and Holbein thought it not beneath them to bequeath a multitude of designs of a purely ornamental character, for uses quite apart from their pictures.

We have already spoken (see *Athen.* No. 837) of the principles by which we think the ornament of

Pavements

should be governed. Mr. Owen Jones, who seems to have bestowed much consideration, and successfully, on this subject, lays down a canon which is very sound. It is, that emblems either of devotion or royalty ought not to be introduced in pavements, for the reason, that "the representation of objects intended to call forth our respect, ought never to be trodden under foot." We do not think this canon less sound, because it is opposed to ancient practice, especially among ourselves, in the use of encaustic tiles. There is no necessity to take the emblems of a cross, or the Trinity, or a crown amidst the countless multitude of geometrical patterns that might be supplied. Here, as in stained glass, the art is simply ornamental, and should be restricted to simple and beautiful forms. The shaded designs of Messrs. Singer, as suggesting raised surfaces, are objectionable, especially in a floor which is always level. Mr. Owen Jones has treated the whole subject of the flooring in a comprehensive way, proposing the use of asphalt for the open courts, of mosaics and encaustic tiles for corridors, and of inlaid woodwork for rooms; and his large plan of the New Houses is one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition. Several of Mr. Jones's designs have great beauty and appropriateness;

those especially (No. 89) for the landing of the Poet's private staircase, and the gallery of the Speaker's house. In these, as in others, Mr. Jones shows that his invention can employ and create other forms than those of a purely Moorish character. A specimen of the material, which Mr. Jones proposes to use for his mosaics, is exhibited, and is the same we have already described (*Athen.* No. 837). The tesserae may here be compared, side by side, with those of Messrs. Singer, and will be found to substantiate the justice of our former remarks. On the present occasion, Mr. Singer's tesserae seem to be unusually dull and dirty-looking. Unless there are reasons unknown to us, no doubt can be entertained of the great superiority of Mr. Prosser's tesserae over Messrs. Singer's. Messrs. Singer have sent some pretty specimens of Byzantine mosaics, which may be turned to account possibly in parts of the New Palace. Among all the specimens of encaustic tiles, those manufactured by Mr. Minton appear the best, both in design and execution. Not a few, however, both of his, Messrs. Chamberlain's, and others' specimens, are direct copies of ancient examples. The least tasteful of this class are the specimens sent by Messrs. Garrett & Copeland. Messrs. Chamberlain follow the old plan of glazing the whole surface of their tiles, not with advantage to their beauty, convenient use, nor possibly their wear. Wherever these tiles may be used it is to be hoped that the mistake made in the mode of laying them in the Temple Church will be avoided. The effect and beauty of them is, in that case, sacrificed by uniformity. In old times, besides varieties of pattern in the tiles themselves, an ornamental arrangement of the tiles, in various geometric forms, was studied, and an infinite variety obtained. Some good specimens still exist visibly in the curious Norman church of St. Cross, near Winchester. We regret to notice some of the tiles painted to imitate wood and marbles—a wretched mistake. The specimens of mosaics, formed of English marbles, are beautiful, and means will doubtless be found of employing them; but we must protest against forming portraits of her Majesty out of them (No. 124).

We have already passed a general sentence on the Iron work; we are assured by judges, that as specimens of clean casting, they are excellent. We do not question the fact, but only complain of the absence of good design in them. Of wrought iron there are but few specimens, and those not remarkable.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This exhibition is neither better nor worse than usual: it always contains an excellent show of landscapes, and is always less strong in its figure pieces. Thus, while we heartily rejoice to meet our old friend, Mr. Copley Fielding, saying "May his shadow never be less!"—laugh over rural finery, or rural terror, or rural stupidity, as Mr. Hunt pleases—enjoy the religion and the poetry of Continental Middle-Age architecture, thanks to the spell of Mr. Prout—become wise in monks and morions, under the auspices of Mr. Cattermole—we cannot but wish that some new guests would come to be greeted. Mr. Lewis, too, is heartily missed from the spaces of honour. But instead of these yearnings and lamentations, it were, perhaps, better sympathy and better philosophy to—

Take the good the gods provide us; and, since such is the character of the Society, to consider each of its exhibitions as a separate show, without reference to past or future.

The most ambitious drawing in the gallery is Mr. Cattermole's *Contest for the Bridge* (81); an imposing work, against which, however, grave exceptions are to be taken. One of these is to the tone of colour—in which the transparency of water colours is lost sight of; and with it that richness of half-tint and shadow, which is so attainable, as Mr. Copley Fielding's *Sunset* (30) warrants. All is as dead, weak, and ungenial as a painting on plaster of Paris: and this manner of treatment is peculiarly at variance with a subject of such boldness. The scene is well arranged: an avenue of huge old oak trees leads up to a strong house, across a brook, spanned by a rude bridge, over which Cavaliers and Puritans are pressing in "admiral disorder." But here, again, exception the second complains that, with the appearance, there is not the reality of motion and life. We

recollect one hundred groups by Wouvermans, not half so entangled, which stir the heart like a "point of war" blown from a trumpet, and which the fancy almost expects to see, while we gaze, whirled this way and that, to the extreme distance of the horizon, like the clouds of a stormy sunset, when fleet winds are abroad. Here we are not sure that the battle will go on. The figures are fixed in their angry strife as by the wand of a magician; and potent, indeed, must be the Oberon's horn which could put them into action again. A more tranquil subject is the *Refectory* (135), a company of monks at the moment before the repast, when grace is said. This has been a favourite subject with painters, though few have treated it with more of the true monastic quietism than Mr. Cattermole. If beneath meek brows and pastoral tansures breed that venom and jealousy which Mr. Browning's *Cloister* lyric so vigorously pours, not an atom of them is here to be seen. All is sanctimonious, beneficent, and loving: the old and the young are alike full of the holy words, and regard little the dish which the cook (and who would not be tempted by Mr. Cattermole's well-known cook bearing a dish?) is bringing in. Perhaps, however, it is fast-day. The artist has another small drawing, of picturesque beauty, *The Old Porch* (150). In *Rook Shooting* (303), though the pencilling be free, the tints are sadly faded: the dusty, melancholy hues of Hyde Park in autumn!

Perhaps the newest exhibitor is Mr. A. D. Frapp, who has some groups of rustic figures, which run Mr. Oakley hard, though between the hand-work of the two there is little comparison, see the *Welsh Girl* *crossing the stile* (14) of the former, and the *Ballad Singer* (254) of the latter. In the *Poacher's Hut* (179) Mr. A. Frapp rises to a higher ambition, daring to measure himself against Wilkie; since, who that sees the work under notice will forget the *Peep of Day Boy's Cabin*? Here is the same arrangement: the man sleeping off his labour—the woman watching at his side (what an epitome, by the way, of the two lives). But we are not sure that the Royal Academicians themselves rendered the intensity of apprehensiveness better than the humbler water-colourist has done, in the listening head and the gleaming eye-ball of the female figure. There is considerable vigour in this drawing. With these we may mention Mr. Frederick Tayler's cottage and gipsy figures, and our regret that he has not enriched the exhibition by any work of greater importance than contributions which, though clever, are merely, so to say, vignettes. Mr. Hunt, on the contrary, is stronger and more versatile than usual: central in his still-life compositions, rich in his bouquets; and how humorous in his exhibitions of common-place events, let No. 92 (*The Toilet*) tell. It might also, with propriety, have been called 'The Tongue,' since it is the weapon of St. Dunstan, heated hissing hot, which is employed by the hard-favoured Grace who is beautifying the clumsy Venus; and the remorseless determination of the former to perform her duty, told in the held breath and the screwed-up lips, is not less remarkable than the gawky terror of the latter, whom the prospect of ringlets, be they ever so hyacinthine, cannot reconcile to apprehensions of a burnt forehead or entip. The broad fun of these two figures is almost Hogarthian.

And now—as we cannot recognize a certain scene between Queen Elizabeth and Admiral Drake, nor its neighbour from "Comus," nor certain lady-like insipidities as historical efforts, nor praise the two flashy representations of *Eton Montem* (113 and 154), by Mr. Evans, we will at once turn to what is really the beauty and strength of this exhibition—the landscapes. In these, the Old Water Colour Society is unrivalled: how peerless, will be best felt by those who recollect certain dolefully misnamed things hanging in the corners of French and German exhibition rooms. And still Mr. Copley Fielding retains, in deed, as well as in word, the presidency. We have above called attention to his marvellous sunset; his *Sea-piece off Burlington* is another favourite effect, a little exaggerated, however. His *Harlech Castle* (78) is a gem in a third manner—rich, warm, dewy, and glowing—a thing to remind one of Joanna Baillie's freshest matin songs; nor are there wanting those extensive prospects in which the eye is led to wander over miles and miles of country, till, waking, the gazer starts to find that the vision is—foot by—feet! Mr. Harding, though so much more sparing

as an exhibitor, is the next landscape artist about whom the public naturally inquires; but we cannot unhesitatingly warrant his view of *Kloster Marienberg, on the Moselle* (51). Clever though it be, as a drawing, the scene is tamed, and some of its loveliest features hurried over. The real double view of the Moselle is far bolder and more extensive: the hill on which the monastery stands (we hope the Moravians have kept their word, and erected a shooting lodge there, as they promised some three years since,) is at once higher and broader. This is but a pocket edition of one of the most beautiful of river views, the difficulties of which, however, are only perhaps to be overcome by such a master of space and air as Turner. Mr. T. M. Richardson is one of the younger exhibitors; and his *Devil's Bridge, Mount St. Gothard* (25), and his *Moor Scene, near Bellingham* (108), are among the gems of the room. But they are surcharged with body-colour; and the use of this to such an extent is, as we have said again and again, to be distrusted. Messrs. Bentley and Callow seem to us fast growing duller and more chalky than is to be desired, though both have great cleverness of hand: and we would rather, of the two extremes, have such a pallid dinginess as spoils some of their best drawings, than the papery tawdriness of such a work as the *Riva dei Schiavoni, Venice* (187), by Mr. Lake Price. Here gay colour could do no more; and yet the gaiety of that joyous and animated scene (for there, at least, the melancholy and the mouldering of Venice are not discernible) is not approached, as any Italian tourist will admit, who turns from it to such a more veritable and satisfactory morsel of detail as Mr. Prout's *Colonnades of the Ducal Palace* (207). This last gentleman is in great force this year. We must not pass over Mr. G. A. Frapp's *Villa of Mæcenas, Tivoli* (46) without praise for the richness, yet sober harmony, with which the "dolphin-like death" of southern day is rendered. It is the best of his many contributions. Nor must we omit to mention one or two landscapes in Croatia, by Mr. Glennie, where the novelty of the scenes reconciles us to some peculiarities of execution which savour of the drawing-master, rather than the artist. Mr. W. Turner and Mr. Hills are both here, in the fulness of their several affections—the one all porcelain prettiness, the other all velvet smoothness. Mr. Joseph Nash is happy, as usual, in his interiors of old English houses; and he has this year been at Crewe and Lyme, in Cheshire. Mr. D. Morison indulges the public with some highly-finished interiors of Buckingham Palace, the *mesquinerie* of which (strange that we should have no English word for offences in taste peculiarly English!), whether as regards architecture or decoration, is yet more evident in representation than in reality.

Etch'd Thoughts. By the Etching Club.

THE Etching Club has put forth another volume of original etchings—the third, we believe, since it has become a body corporate.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, when a performance was placed before him, which was neither good enough for praise nor bad enough for censure, would say, with a peculiar expression, which those who knew him well understood, "Very pretty! very pretty indeed!" and, just in the same sense of the phrase, this book is a "very pretty book;" indeed, contains several "very pretty" things, and is very prettily got up;—and we might safely dismiss it with no further remark, but that the high names of those who have contributed their productions—to say nothing of the high pretensions, and the high price of the publication, demand a few words more. For the accomplished artists who have amused their leisure hours with this sort of "scratching and biting" (not in the literal, nor the metaphorical, but in the technical sense) we have the sincerest admiration. For Severn, who has returned to us from his long sojourn in Italy, with his spirit and his palette glowing with Italian reminiscences; for Cope, with his moral aims, intense character, and thorough English humour; for Redgrave, with his pathetic feeling; for Herbert, with his scriptural and poetical aspirations; for Stone, with his fanciful elegance, and occasionally profound sentiment; for Lewis, with his quick perception of nature and truth; for Creswick, who has been deservedly styled our English Hobbins; for these, and for all the brotherhood individually, we profess the sincerest respect; but for the *Etching Club*

and its performances, as manifest in the publication before us—we must needs confess it—our respect is small. Among the sixty little etchings here set forth in a folio volume, with all the accompaniments of luxurious and ornamental printing, &c., there are some very pleasing fancies, &c., some very pretty effects; for instance, the little bits of foliage and scenery by Lewis and Creswick, display a most feeling and felicitous touch, but, taking the whole together, there is a lamentable want of originality, poetry, invention, power of every kind. The heads and features are often deficient or false in expression—the drawing slovenly—the subjects common-place or trifling: no high aim, no high art; and that both may be brought into the compass of a little etching we know perfectly, when the mind has worked as well as the point. We object, therefore, to the title; *Etch'd Thoughts* is hardly a well-chosen designation for things in which there is, perhaps, some fancy, but as little thought as can well be imagined; and we must add, that the mottoes, in most cases, are in their application inexpressive and inappropriate.

It has been rather pompously set forth, that when a certain number of impressions have been taken, the plates will be destroyed. Had they been destroyed before any impressions had been taken, the loss would not have been great either to the public or the interests of Art, whatever it might have been to the artists concerned. The attempt by this announcement, and by the aids of luxurious printing, fine paper, red lettering and so forth, to give a factitious value where there are very moderate claims in point of real merit, is a piece of quackery unworthy of these gentlemen. The Club may succeed as a speculation—we sincerely hope it will—but if it proceeds after the fashion of this, the third issue, its collected productions will not add to the reputation of the distinguished men who have set their names to them:—on the contrary—they can do better things—think higher thoughts than these, and the subscribers have a right to expect something higher and better from them. We shall not enter into detailed criticism, or point to individual faults, either in taste, subject, or execution; because it would be impossible to do so without an appearance of personality.

The *Etching Club* may probably think these remarks rather too severe; but we appeal from the body collective to the artists individually: is there one of them who will lay his hand on his heart and say that the criticism is unjust, or undeserved?—we think not.

Perhaps the following letter may throw a light on the apparent retrogression:—

Leeds, April.

Allow me to direct your attention to the '*Etch'd Thoughts*,' just issued by the Etching Club, and to ask your aid in reprobating the system which the Club has pursued towards the public with regard to it. The book has been extensively advertised and subscribers solicited, and we were told that twenty copies, *proofs*, would be issued at 10s. 10s., and 200 prints at 6s. 6s., each, I, as well as others in this district, subscribed; and on the delivery of the work we find, that the greater part of it (three-fourths I should say) is not new, but had been issued by the Club some years since; and that we have paid our 6s. 6s. for a book made up of the first attempts of the artists, and have not even the earliest impressions of these. I am a purchaser of the 6s. 6s. edition; how those will be pleased upon whom the specimen *proofs* have been foisted, I, of course, cannot say; but I think all should loudly protest against a proceeding unfair and unworthy in itself, and so destructive of confidence in those from whom, at least, fair dealing ought to be expected. I am, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

SALES OF PICTURES.

THIS Spring which thoughtless mortals enjoy—this "gallant 44th!" however glorious a summer it may seem to ruralizers, is a very winter of discontent to *dilettanti*, being the dullest season, as far as picture-sales are concerned, within remembrance. Scarce one of these has taken place worth engaging even the superfluous time, that such personages often find it difficult to spend otherwise. Whether a result so deplorable in their view, be occasioned by the present national prosperity, or the perverse longevity of proprietors, they have some cause to affirm it an "untoward circumstance," whatever may have kept collections out of the market, and rendered the great auction-rooms, like the great theatres, little better than "sublime inutilities": many a renowned picture-mart, which erst afforded amateurs gape-seed enough throughout the entire season, has only displayed walls as bare almost as those of Bedlam,

except when covered with daubs and scratches, almost as bad as these could exhibit after a legion of maniac sign-painters had befouled them with their imbecile mis-creations. Nothing is more apt to revolt enthusiasm itself, against all Art, than the frequent sight of its worst productions, and the thought of how vast a proportion this rubbish bears to the few real gems. We should recommend our readers, who are still novices, persistence as long as possible in the bliss of ignorance about Art, were we not sure that knowledge *must* bring with it, at one time or other, a full remuneration for all the dissatisfaction it brings now; though we profess ourselves unable to foretell when pay-day shall arrive, knowledge *will* go on, slow or swift, in spite of the anti-educationists; and because it will, no doubt it should. We have moralized our pictorial gossip, from having little matter-of-fact to give—from a wish also to explain why we have hitherto given so little. There were, however, two or three sales last week, just worth notice. At Messrs. Christie & Manson's, the collection of the late H. P. Briggs, R.A., aroused more interest than it sustained. His five poetical masterpieces, even our humble prose cannot descend to criticize: they brought prices as moderate as their pretensions.—*Othello* and *Desdemona*, 30 guineas; *Rodomonte* challenging *Ruggiero*, 42 guineas; *Mortimer* surprised with *Queen Isabella*, 41 guineas; *Inez de Castro*, 66 guineas; *Queen Margaret* and the *Robbers*, 76 guineas. Some indifferent works of other masters did not throw his *chefs-d'œuvre* into the shade—but a sketch of two 'Young Girls,' by *Sir Joshua*, mere dead-coloured outlines, showed the difference between a portrait-painter and a portrait-taker: this very slight sketch brought 22 guineas.—At the same time and place were sold "the Beautiful Original Cabinet Specimens executed through friendship and esteem for the late Peter Cox, Esq., to illustrate his Poem of the Social Day" (*vide* Catalogue),—but which have neither rendered it illustrious, nor been themselves rendered so by it. One alone merits citation.—'The Broken Jar' by *Wilkie*, a little off-hand picture, somewhat like an un-fused law-opinion, drawn up in haste, yet betraying the skilful practitioner; it does not tell its story, a rare fault with this artist, at once to the eyes,—perhaps because as Canning's knife-grinder confessed, he had none to tell; he made its brilliant effect however tell itself, star-like, from the utmost visible distance: 107 guineas.—Another collection (anonymous) followed, and several of its items brought no great sums, but huge prices. Among the best were a *Paul Potter*, which belonged to Lord Radstock, 280 guineas, an indifferent work if *Paul* had *pottered* over it half his life: a 'Grand Landscape' by N. Poussin, out of *Sir Thomas Baring's* gallery, we think displays as little grandeur as *Poussinesque* spirit, 250 guineas; 'The Piping Boy,' out of the same collection, affiliated upon *Murillo*, very much too vulgar and feeble, except for his *epic* characters—(his *Peasant-boys* are neither)—220 guineas. A rough *Wilson*, 'View on the River Dee,' and a weak *Gainsborough* painted for *Smith* of *Norwich*, both likewise from *Stratton*, netted respectively 220 and 150 guineas. A landscape by *Wynants* and *Vandervelde* of the average pretensions, 116 guineas; a 'Calm' by *W. Vandervelde*, ditto, 65 guineas. From the *Duchesse de Berri's* collection, a 'Wood Scene' by *Ruyssdael* and *Berghem*, which might do *Nasmyth* or *Woodburne* some credit, 390 guineas. But this anonymous cabinet did contain, beside its pseudonymous productions, one genuine specimen—a *Hogarth*. It presents the portraits of 'Lady Thornhill, and the Wife, and the Sister of the Painter.' Our admiration for an artist so thoroughly English, yet of a genius as universal as human weakness and wickedness, is *Cheapside* talk; we are not prejudiced enough however to pronounce him a great historic painter and portraitist, (which the Scotch proclaim their *Wilkie*) nor to cry out "a miracle!" at every 'Broken Jar' he rid his hands of. The picture before us seems unfinished, little more than a sketch, a careless *jeu de cœur* giving his affections vent in the delineation of three persons most dear to him: no caricature, satire, wit, scarcely even a touch of humour—except the lap-dog who runs away with the prim old gentlewoman's fan—but a cheerful and pleasant spirit all through it. Pure and simple grace of mien—bright and placid expression, if no positive beauty, distinguishes the younger females:

the complexions of a pale, delicate tone, for *Hogarth* could be, when he chose, a *Terburg*; the groupment natural, without effort to appear so—for his naturalness never thrusts itself importunately into notice, like that of many a modern popular painter. This work went cheap, sketch or imperfect picture as it was.—85 guineas.

A large accumulation of pictorial rubbish, called the "Durand Collection," came under Mr. Phillips's hammer last Tuesday. Amidst it shone forth, a precious little thing, the 'View in Leyden' by *Van der Heyden*, figures by *Adrian Vandervelde*, on a plate of hammered silver, six inches by three, 110 guineas. 'The Broken Pitcher,' a rapid variation of the same subject, by *Greuze* at the *Louvre*, 400 guineas; another *Greuze*-like 'Girl with a Dog,' prettyish, 57 guineas. A pretended *Rembrandt*, 'Portrait of Himself,' 105 guineas; from *Van Schamp's* Collection of *Ghent* (no certificate in its favour). Two works by *Van Hirsch*, a modern artist, whom his enchanted countrymen nickname the 'Sorcerer of Luxembourg'; wizards we believe never exist without wisecracks give them existence; these two 'Interiors' are common tricks of theatrical effect, where the foreground is darkened, and the scene illuminated from behind. They nevertheless brought 60 and 49 guineas, for the King of *Holland* patronizes, it would appear, this adept in the *Black-Art* pictorial.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MADAME PUZZI has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, her Pupils, and Friends, that her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Concert Room of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE on WEDNESDAY, May 15. Principal Vocal Performers—*Mesdames* Grisi, Persiani, Favanzi, A. Shaw, F. Lablache, Castellani, and *Dorus* Gra; *Signori* Mario, Brizzi, R. Costa, Corelli, Fornasari, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl. Instrumental Performers—Violoncello, M. St. Leon; Harp, Mr. Farish Alvars; Horn, Signor Puzzi. For the only time this season, a selection from *Rossini's* *Stabat Mater*, by *Mesdames* Grisi and F. Lablache, *Signori* Mario, Corelli, Staudigl, F. Lablache, and Lablache. Conductors, *Signori* Costa and Benedict. Boxes, Stalls, Reserved Seats, and Pit Tickets, may be obtained of all the principal Musicians, and of *Madame Puzzi*, 38, Jernyn-street, St. James's.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—MISS DOLBY begs to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, 9th of May, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocal Performers, *Mesdames* Dorus Gra, Miss Rainforth, Miss C. Novello, Miss E. Birch, Miss Lucombe, Mrs. Rodwell, and Miss Dolby; *Messieurs*, Mr. H. Philip, and Mr. John Perry. Instrumental Violin, Mr. Biagrace; Oboe, Mr. Cooke; Böhm Flute, Mr. Carte. Conductor, M. Jules de Gilmes. Tickets, 7s. each, Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had at the principal music shops, and of *Miss Dolby*, 61, Berners-street, Oxford-street, of whom only stalls can be obtained.

MR. CHARLES KEMBLE'S READING AND RECITATION from SHAKSPEARE, Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.—It is respectfully announced that, under the immediate Patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, her Majesty Queen Adelaide &c., MR. CHARLES KEMBLE will give a Series of READINGS from SHAKSPEARE, the first of which, from the play of *Cymbeline* (which Mr. Kemble had the honour of reading at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, at the Theatre Royal, Palace, on Wednesday evening, April 21), will take place at the above Rooms, on Monday evening, May 13, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. Single Tickets (the number of which is limited), 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets, for three persons, one guinea; Reserved Seats for the Series, or for any single reading, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS. PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM, CASTLE ST. BERNERS ST. On WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 8th, MR. LOVER will have the honour of producing a new ENTERTAINMENT; being a characteristic sketch of the Irish character, and the various phases of the IRISH BRIGADE, with Anecdotes, historical and personal (both serious and comic), of the interesting events and characters of the time, illustrated by appropriate Music, comprising NEW SONGS.—Admission, 2s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be had as follows:—Duff & Hodgson, 65, Oxford Street; Cramer & Co., Regent Street; Chappell & Co., Oliver & Co., & F. Leader, Bond Street; Willis, Grosvenor Street; also, Sams, Ebers, Mitchell's, and Bailey's Libraries; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The *Earl Howe's*, or fourth concert, had one great, and in England, unusual, merit, its brevity; and, as all the lovers of music have suffered for years under the surfeiting system, we are bound to notice this relief as a promise of better days. In other respects, the programme was not peculiarly interesting; *Miss Marshall* sung 'If guiltless blood,' from *Handel's* 'Susanna,' with true feeling in its quieter portions—but not with the boldness which the opening *allegro* demands; and here we must remonstrate against the management of her breath, by which the delivery of her text, in the closing movement, was dislocated. This young lady has, of late, shown symptoms of being about to take the step from a scholar to a singer, and is therefore worth watching and remonstration. We cannot avoid remarking with pride and pleasure, how much better the musical education of our young vocalists is now than formerly, when reading at sight was an exceptional merit, and taste more often outraged than cultivated. The next genius who springs up among us

may be expected to soar high, from this general elevation of the ground. *Madame Candori* Allan sang a noble *andante* from *Gluck's* 'Alceste'—the well-known *solo*, 'As from the power' (*Handel's* *Cecilian Ode*): this is but second-best, as compared with the simpler and grander 'Sing ye unto the Lord,' of which it is a close repetition;—an *aria* by *Paisiello*, and a duet with *Sig. Salvi*; the latter too, was heard to great, but not we suspect to *best*, advantage in *Mozart's* 'O cara imagine.' No songs of this master bear the slightest touch of the *die-away* style, which is that of the newest Italian school. Their sweetness is so complete, that any attempt to enhance it can but end in feebleness and affectation: true expression (and without true expression, there is no singing of *Mozart* or *Handel*) always works by reserve, rather than by exaggeration: of this we had a late, and a most convincing instance, in *M. Duprez's* singing of 'Thy rebuke' in 'The Messiah.' But *Sig. Salvi* must be a great artist to be subject to this close criticism, and a more welcome acquisition has not visited our concert-rooms for many seasons. The other principal singer of the evening was *Miss Dolby*; the remainder of the compositions selected offer little scope for comment.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The arrival of *Dr. Mendelssohn* being delayed, the directors did their best (as far as selection went) on Monday evening, by giving *Beethoven's* Symphony in A, *Weber's* overture to 'Preciosa,' *Spohr's* clever quintet with wind-instruments, the pianoforte part of which was well executed by *Madame Dulcken*—her associates being vexatiously out of tune.—*Signor Sivori* in one of *Paganini's* concertos, and *Signor Salvi* as principal vocalist. But the orchestra—above all, the principal attraction of these concerts—went in its old way; that is, its own way, and not as the conductor pleased; or else the latter has but a heavy notion of the spirit of *Weber's* delightfully fantastic overture, and of *Beethoven's* poetical Symphony; since both were given with a ponderosity which made us regret they had not been reserved for the *baton* of the Berlin concert master. There is no unfathomable mystery in the generalship of an orchestra—but to expect from those who are unfamiliar with its emergencies, still more from those who have been only used to read a score in the slack English manner, the requisite control and readiness of eye and ear—would be as rational as to demand from quiet citizens who only ride forth on a holiday once in the year, the skill of a Day or a Chifney. The violin playing of *Signor Sivori* is excellent. He has a readiness of hand, and a grace of execution, and a certain southern *disinvoltura*, which give his performance a charm and a character of its own. Still—whether it lay in the composition or in its delivery, let caustics decide—we felt that his *Concerto* was but an exquisite miniature—or rather say an *Albano*, mounted in a frame of disproportionate weight and gorgeousness. However heavy or *bizarre* the orchestral accompaniments to his *concerti* might be, *Paganini* always towered above them—and this, by no especial amplitude of tone, but by grandeur and intensity of style. So much can hardly be said of his successor; and hence he is happiest in delicate and voluble movements, where the character is too clearly marked out to call for any eminent power and dignity on the part of the instrumentalist. *Signor Salvi* is a concert acquisition of the first order. His voice is one of those organs which we love to hear, not very voluminous, but true, sweet, and resonant—a high tenor, refined, smoothed, wrought up by the art, which his younger contemporaries too largely disregard and given out with certainty. But one of the compositions he sang, a *romanza* by *Verdi*, is a curious composition—with a pretence of modulation and breadth of *cantilena*, which, we doubt not, across the Alps, serve to veil its meagreness and poverty as regards idea. We find the same characteristics in the newer music of *Mercadante*: yet this we have heard admired by many weary of the old frivolous *Rossini* *cabaletta*. The grammar, however, of *Mercadante's* compositions is always good: whereas, the movement under notice was cruder than some of the wonderful examples *Bellini* left to show, on what a *pin's point* basis of science, a dramatic composer can win an Italian, German, French, and English reputation! Compared with such a shallow

piece of pretence, there seemed the labour of a century, and the thoughts of a hemisphere in the lovely cantabile from "Idomeneo," which Miss Rainforth sang carefully: the song wanting, in addition, a syren's sweetness of tone.

MISCELLANEA

Literary Union.—The only advertisements relative to the Literary Union of England which have been made public, since the Government announcement, (save one in your paper, sent before I was aware of the notification,) have been for the purpose of delaying the payment of subscriptions, until the question now at issue is set at rest, and from a wish on my part to act in strict conformity with the law as now explained. Your allusion to the Literary Union in this day's paper will excuse my troubling you with this letter. I am, &c.

April 27, 1844.

EDWARD CHURTON.

The New Water-Colour Society.—We are happy to hear, on the authority of the Secretary, that we were mistaken in supposing that Mr. Haghe has employed body-colour in his drawing noticed last week.

Payne's Universum (see *Athen.* ante, p. 323).—"A medley of Annual plates" they are not, inasmuch as they have not appeared before; and although I admit that some are reduced copies of foreign prints, (I deny it with respect to the English,) yet some even of those that bear foreign names—as, for instance, the Bears, by Biard,—are from the original paintings. As a proof of this, you will find that in this plate the bears to the right, in the distance, are not in the print, but are, as the whole plate, taken from the original picture, in the possession of Mr. Schletter, of Leipzig. The greater part of the plates, however, are perfectly original, as being the engraver myself, I ought to be allowed to know and to vouch for. I remain, &c.

ALFRED H. PAYNE.

(Firm, Brain & Payne.)

12, Paternoster-row.

N.B.—Although I admit the fact, that three of the plates are from foreign prints, yet I do not allow this any detriment; nor is the work singular in this respect.

[If Mr. Payne could not make out a better case, we think it would have been wise to have maintained silence.]

Exhibition of Decorative Works.—Will you allow me to call your attention to a passage in your remarks on the decorative works exhibited at the St. James's Bazaar. In speaking of the specimens of inlaid wood-work for flooring, from the manner in which the names of all the exhibitors of wood-flooring are enumerated together, and follow upon the remarks on a particular principle of manufacture, the public might probably infer that the whole of the specimens sent in were of similar character. They are all however essentially different. Those of Mr. Binn and Mr. Pratt appear to be very excellent specimens of framing and inlaid veneering of the usual kind, without any distinctive feature, and with the grain of the wood horizontal, as in the ordinary manufacture of such work. That of Messrs. Crannis and Kemp is a specimen of ornamental wood-paving blocks. That sent in by Mr. Kannell and myself, and secured by patent, is however a specimen of inlaid veneering with the vertical fibre, to which the previous remarks in the *Athenæum* would appear more especially to have reference.

10, Walbrook, April 30th, 1844.

I am, &c. HENRY AUSTIN.

The Royal Library at Copenhagen.—The Conservators have just completed the catalogue of its contents, a work upon which they have been engaged for eleven years. It comprises 463,332 volumes, without the pamphlets and single sheets. It is to be printed and published at the expense of the government. The manuscripts in this library amount to about 22,000, of which only between 4,000 and 5,000 are yet catalogued.

An Explosion of subterranean Water took place lately in the district of Vizeu, in Portugal, by which the soil was torn up, and earth and stones flung to a great height into the air, for the distance of more than a league, between the small river Oleiros and the Douro. All the cultivated land over which the water flowed was destroyed, and in many places it created ravines forty feet in depth, and thirty fathoms wide. It carried away and shattered to fragments in its course, which was of extreme rapidity, no fewer than fifty wind and water mills, choked the Douro with rubbish, and caused the death of nine persons, including one entire family. On the same day a similar explosion took place in the mountain of Marcellin, in the same district, arising from the same source, but branching off in the direction of the river Bastanza. It carried away a farm-house, four cows, and some sheep and goats. A similar occurrence took place here last year and the year before, and eighteen months since in Madeira.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Marcus—A Musical Amateur—V.—A.R.—Anglo-Scotus—W.S.L.—Phi—received.

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